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LET THERE BE LIGHT
1868

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LOS ANGELES

Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

his

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, and TRAGEDIES,

ſet out by himſelf in quarto,
or by the Players his Fellows in folio,
and now faithfully republiſh'd from those
Editions
in ten Volumes octavo; with an
INTRODUCTION:

Whereunto will be added, in ſome other Volumes,
NOTES, critical and explanatory, and a Body of
VARIOUS READINGS
entire.

> Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, et omneis
> Præſtinxit, ſtellas exortus uti æthereus Sol.
>
> LUCR. *Lib.* 3. *l.* 1056.

LONDON:
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH,
for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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To
the DUKE of
GRAFTON.

My Lord,

The works of ſuch great authors as this whom I have now the honour of preſenting to your Grace, are a part of the kingdom's riches: they are her eſtate in fame, that fame which letters confer upon her; the worth and value of which or ſinks or raiſes her in the opinion of foreign nations, and ſhe takes her rank among them according to the eſteem which theſe are held in: It is then an object of national concern, that they ſhould be ſent into the world with all the advantage which they are in their own nature capable of receiving; and who performs the office rightly, is in this a benefactor to his country, and ſomewhat entitl'd to her good will. The following great productions ſtand foremoſt in the liſt of theſe literary poſſeſſions; are talk'd of wherever

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the name of *Britain* is talk'd of, that is, (thanks to ſome late counſels) wherever there are men: but their value is not a little diminiſh'd by numerous and groſs blemiſhes, ſpots in the ſun's body, which prevent his glory breaking forth: If I could flatter myſelf juſtly, that I had at laſt remov'd those blemiſhes, and ſet this glorious Poet in his due ſtate of brightneſs, ſure I am the world will all acknowledge the fitneſs of addreſſing him in this eſtate to your Grace; who both preſide over the treasures of *Great Britain*, and are eminent for a love and knowledge of letters, that bring encreaſe of luſtre both to your ſtation and your quality:—But I am treading upon a ground that I had forbidden to myſelf at ſetting out, and muſt retire in time ere my affections engage me further. Your illuſtrious Grandfather vouchſaf'd to call mine—his friend, and always ſpoke of him with pleasure; he honour'd me early with his patronage, and to him I owe the leiſure that has enabl'd me to beſtow upon this work the attention of twenty years: Your Grace will therefore have the goodneſs to look upon this little present, and the perſon who tenders it, as a minute part of your inheritance, deſcending to you from Him: which if you are not the richer for, in the common acceptation of that word, yet ſome acceſſion of knowledge may perhaps accrue to you from your more acquaintance with these moſt exquisite portraits of nature; in which Man, and his manners, together with all the ſubtle workings of the paſſions he is endu'd with, are more largely and finely pencil'd out, and with higher colouring, than can elſe be met with in the writings of any age or nation whatſoever: a knowledge no ways unſuitable to the many high employments your Grace is embark'd in; yet from the attaining of which your ſtation in life does in ſome degree exclude you, otherwiſe than in books. But if this idea of a benefit of ſo high a nature accruing to your Grace from the peruſal of this work, ſhould prove only the viſion of an editor,—who is, in his affections, commonly idolatrous; worſhipping himſelf, and expecting worſhip from others towards the image he ſets up,—yet of this little good at leaſt he has hopes of being the inſtrument; that is, of having furniſh'd you with a noble and rational amuſement for ſome of your leiſure hours, and (perhaps) a relief for ſome anxious ones; which are the lot of all humanity, and particularly of perſons in your Grace's elevated condition: To have reach'd no farther than this, and, by his labours, contributed only to your entertainment, will fill all the wiſhes of him, who is, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's

moſt dutiful and moſt
devoted humble ſervant,

Eſſex Court
in the Temple,
Nov. 9. 1767.

EDWARD CAPELL.

INTRODUCTION.

It is ſaid of the oſtrich, that ſhe drops her egg at random, to be diſpos'd of as chance pleaſes; either brought to maturity by the ſun's kindly warmth, or elſe cruſh'd by beaſts and the feet of paſſers-by: Such, at leaſt, is the account which naturaliſts have given us of this extraordinary bird; and admitting it for a truth, ſhe is in this a fit emblem of almoſt every great genius: they conceive and produce with eaſe thoſe noble iſſues of human underſtanding; but incubation, the dull work of putting them correctly upon paper and afterwards publiſhing, is a taſk they can not away with. If the original ſtate of all ſuch authors' writings, even from HOMER downward, could be enquir'd into and known, they would yield proof in abundance of the juſtneſs of what is here aſſerted: but the Author now before us ſhall ſuffice for them all; being at once the greateſt inſtance of genius in producing noble things, and of negligence in providing for them afterwards. This negligence indeed was ſo great, and the condition in which his works are come down to us ſo very deform'd, that it has, of late years, induc'd ſeveral gentlemen to make a revision of them: but the publick ſeems not to be ſatiſfy'd with any of their endeavours; and the reason of it's diſcontent will be manifeſt, when the ſtate of his old editions, and the methods that they have taken to amend them, are fully lay'd open, which is the firſt buſineſs of this Introduction.

Of thirty ſix plays which SHAKESPEARE has left us, and which compose the collection that was afterwards ſet out in folio, thirteen only were publiſh'd in his life-time, that have much resemblance to those in the folio; these thirteen are—"Hamlet, *Firſt and ſecond* Henry IV, *King* Lear, *Love's Labour's loſt*, *Merchant of* Venice, *Mid-ſummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Richard II *and* III, Romeo *and* Juliet, Titus Andronicus, and Troilus *and* Creſſida." Some others, that came out in the ſame period, bear indeed the titles of—"Henry V, *King* John, *Merry Wives of* Windſor, and [1] *Taming of the Shrew*;" but are no other than either firſt draughts, or mutilated and perhaps ſurreptitious impreſſions of those plays, but whether of the two is not easy to determine: "*King* John" is certainly a firſt draught, and in two parts; and ſo much another play, that only one line of it is retain'd in the

NOTE.

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[1] This is meant of the firſt quarto edition of "*The Taming of the Shrew*;" for the ſecond was printed from the folio. But the play in this firſt edition appears certainly to have been a ſpurious one, from

ſecond: there is alſo a firſt draught of the "*Second and third parts of* Henry VI," publiſh'd in his life-time, under the following title,—"*The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses,* Lancaſter *and* Yorke:" and to these plays, ſix in number, may be added—the firſt impreſſion of "Romeo *and* Juliet," being a play of the ſame ſtamp: The date of all these quarto's, and that of their ſeveral re-impreſſions, may be ſeen in a Table that follows the Introduction, "Othello" came out only one year before the folio; and is, in the main, the ſame play that we have there: and this too is the caſe of the firſt-mention'd thirteen; notwithſtanding there are in many of them great variations, and particularly, in "Hamlet, *King* Lear, Richard III, and Romeo *and* Juliet."

As for the plays, which, we ſay, are either the Poet's firſt draughts, or elſe imperfect and ſtolen copies, it will be thought, perhaps, they might as well have been left out of the account: But they are not wholly uſeleſs: ſome *lacunæ*, that are in all the other editions, have been judiciouſly fill'd up in modern impreſſions by the authority of these copies; and in ſome particular paſſages of them, where there happens to be a greater conformity than usual between them and the more perfect editions, there is here and there a various reading that does honour to the Poet's judgment, and ſhould upon that account be presum'd the true one; in other reſpects, they have neither uſe nor merit, but are meerly curioſities.

NOTE.

Mr. Pope's account of it, who ſeems to have been the only editor whom it was ever ſeen by: great pains has been taken to trace who he had it of, (for it was not in his collection) but without ſucceſs.

Proceed we then to a deſcription of the other fourteen. They all abound in faults, though not in equal degree; and those faults are ſo numerous, and of ſo many different natures, that nothing but a peruſal of the pieces themſelves can give an adequate conception of them; but amongſt them are these that follow. Diviſion of acts and ſcenes, they have none; "Othello" only excepted, which is divided into acts: Entries of perſons are extreamly imperfect in them, (ſometimes more, ſometimes fewer than the ſcene requires) and their Exits are very often omitted; or, when mark'd, not always in the right place; and few ſcenical directions are to be met with throughout the whole: Speeches are frequently confounded, and given to wrong perſons, either whole, or in part; and ſometimes, inſtead of the perſon ſpeaking, you have the actor who preſented him: and in two of the plays, ("*Love's Labour's loſt*, and Troilus *and* Creſſida") the ſame matter, and in nearly the ſame words, is ſet down twice in ſome paſſages; Which who ſees not to be only a negligence of the Poet, and that but one of them ought to have been printed? But the reigning fault of all is in the meaſure: proſe is very often printed as verſe, and verſe as proſe; or, where rightly printed verſe, that verſe is not always right divided: and in all theſe pieces, the ſongs are in every particular ſtill more corrupt than the other parts of them. Theſe are the general and principal defects: to which if you add —tranſpoſition of words, ſentences, lines, and even ſpeeches; words omitted, and others added without reaſon; and a punctuation ſo deficient, and ſo often wrong, that it hardly deſerves regard; you have, upon the whole, a true but melancholy picture of the condition of theſe firſt-printed plays: which, bad as it is, is yet better than that of thoſe which came after; or than that of the ſubſequent folio impreſſion of ſome of theſe which we are now ſpeaking of.

This folio impreſſion was ſent into the world ſeven years after the Author's death, by two of his fellow-players; and contains, beſides the laſt-mention'd fourteen, the true and genuine copies of the other ſix plays, and ſixteen that were never publiſh'd before:[2] The editors make great profeſſions of fidelity, and ſome complaint of injury done to them and the Author by ſtolen and maim'd copies; giving withal an advantageous, if juſt, idea of the copies which they have follow'd: but ſee the terms they make uſe of. “It had bene a thing, we con-“feſſe, worthie to have bene wiſhed, that the Author him-“ſelfe had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeen his owne “writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and “he by death departed from that right, we pray you “do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and “paine, to have collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to have “publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with “diverſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and “deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of injurious im-“poſtors, that expos'd them: even thoſe, are now offer'd “to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and “all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceived

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NOTE.

[2] There is yet extant in the books of the Stationers' Company, an entry bearing date—*Febr.* 12. 1624. to Meſſrs. *Jaggard* and *Blount*, the proprietors of this firſt folio, which is thus worded; “*Mr. Wm. Shakeſpear's Comedy's Hiſtory's & Tragedy's ſo many of the ſaid Copy's as bee not enter'd to other men*;” and this entry is follow'd by the titles

“them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His minde and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee have ſcarſe received from him a blot in his papers.” Who now does not feel himſelf inclin'd to expect an accurate and good performance in the edition of theſe prefacers? But, alas, it is nothing leſs: for (if we except the ſix ſpurious ones, whoſe places were then ſupply'd by true and genuine copies) the editions of plays preceeding the folio, are the very baſis of thoſe we have there; which are either printed from thoſe editions, or from the copies which they made uſe of: and this is principally evident in—“*Firſt and ſecond* Henry IV, *Love's Labour's loſt*, *Merchant of* Venice, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Richard II, Titus Andronicus, and Troilus *and* Creſſida;” for in the others we ſee ſomewhat a greater latitude, as was obſerv'd a little above: But in theſe plays, there is an almoſt ſtrict conformity between the two impreſſions: ſome additions are in the ſecond, and ſome omiſſions; but the faults and errors of the quarto's are all preſerv'd in the folio, and others added to them; and what difference there is, is generally for the worſe on the ſide of the folio editors: which ſhould give us but faint hopes of meeting with greater accuracy in the plays which they firſt publiſh'd; and, accordingly, we find them ſubject to all the imper-

NOTE.

of all thoſe ſixteen plays that were firſt printed in the folio: The other twenty plays (“Othello, and *King* John,” excepted; which the perſon who furniſh'd this tranſcript, thinks he may have overlook'd) are enter'd too in theſe books, under their reſpective years; but to whom the tranſcript ſays not.

fections that have been noted in the former: nor is their edition in general diſtinguiſh'd by any mark of preference above the earlieſt quarto's, but that ſome of their plays are divided into acts, and ſome others into acts and ſcenes; and that with due precision, and agreable to the Author's idea of the nature of ſuch divisions. The order of printing these plays, the way in which they are claſſ'd, and the titles given them, being matters of ſome curioſity, the Table that is before the firſt folio is here reprinted: and to it are added marks, put between crotchets, ſhewing the plays that are divided; *a* ſignifying—acts, *a* & *ſ*—acts and ſcenes.

TABLE of Plays in the folio.[3]

COMEDIES.

The Tempeſt. [_a_ & _ſ_.]

_The two Gentlemen of Verona._* [_a_ & _ſ_.]

The Merry Wives of Windſor. [_a_ & _ſ_.]

Meaſure for Meaſure. [_a_&_ſ_.]

_The Comedy of Errours._* [_a_.]

Much adoo about Nothing.[_a_.]

_Loves Labour loſt._*

_Midſommer Nights Dreame._* [_a_.]

_The Merchant of Venice._* [_a_.]

As you Like it. [_a_ & _ſ_.]

The Taming of the Shrew.

All is well,that Ends well.[_a_]

Twelfe-Night, or what you will. [_a_ & _ſ_.]

The Winters Tale. [_a_ & _ſ_.]

HISTORIES.

_The Life and Death of King John._* [_a_ & _ſ_.]

_The Life & death of Richard the ſecond._* [_a_ & _ſ_.]

_The Firſt part of King Henry the fourth._* [_a_ & _ſ_.]

NOTE.

[3] The plays, mark'd with aſteriſks, are ſpoken of by name, in a book, call'd—"_Wit's Treaſury, being the ſecond Part of Wit's Commonwealth_," written by _Francis_ MERES; at _p._ 282: who, in the ſame paragraph, mentions another play as being SHAKESPEARE's, under the title of—"_Loves labours wonne_;" a title that ſeems well adapted

*The Second part of K. Henry the fourth.** [*a* & *ſ.*]
TheLife of King Henry theFift.
The First part of King Henry the Sixt.
The Second part of King Hen. the Sixt.
The Third part of King Henry the Sixt.
*The Life & Death of Richard the Third.** [*a* & *ſ.*]
The Life of King Henry the Eight. [*a* & *ſ.*]
TRAGEDIES.
[Troylus *and* Creſſida] *from the ſecond folio*; *omitted in the firſt.*
TheTragedy ofCoriolanus.[*a.*]
*Titus Andronicus.** [*a.*]
*Romeo and Juliet.**
Timon of Athens.
The Life and death of Julius Cæſar. [*a.*]
The Tragedy of Macbeth. [*a* & *ſ.*]
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear. [*a* & *ſ.*]
Othello, the Moore of Venice. [*a* & *ſ.*]
Antony and Cleopater.
Cymbeline King of Britaine. [*a* & *ſ.*]

Having premis'd thus much about the ſtate and condition of theſe firſt copies, it may not be improper, nor will it be abſolutely a digreſſion, to add ſomething concerning their authenticity: In doing which, it will be greatly for the reader's eaſe,—and our own, to confine ourſelves to the quarto's: which, it is hop'd, he will al-

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NOTE.

to "*All's well, that ends well,*" and under which it might be firſt acted. In the paragraph immediately preceding, he ſpeaks of his "Venus *and* Adonis," his "Lucrece," and his "*Sonnets:*" This book was printed in 1598, by *P. Short*, for *Cutbbert Burbie*; octavo, ſmall. The ſame author, at p. 283, mentions too a "Richard *the third*," written by doctor LEG, author of another play, call'd "*The Deſtruction of* Jeruſalem." And there is in the Muſæum, a manuſcript *Latin* play upon the ſame ſubject, written by one *Henry* LACY in 1586:

low of; eſpecially, as our intended vindication of them will alſo include in it (to the eye of a good obſerver) that of the plays that appear'd firſt in the folio: which therefore omitting, we now turn ourſelves to the quarto's.

We have ſeen the ſlur that is endeavour'd to be thrown upon them indiſcriminately by the player editors, and we ſee it too wip'd off by their having themſelves follow'd the copies that they condemn. A modern editor, who is not without his followers, is pleas'd to aſſert confidently in his preface, that they are printed from "piecemeal parts, and copies of prompters:" but his arguments for it are ſome of them without foundation, and the others not concluſive; and it is to be doubted, that the opinion is only thrown out to countenance an abuſe that has been carry'd to much too great lengths by himſelf and another editor,—that of putting out of the text paſſages that they did not like. These cenſures then and this opinion being ſet aſide, is it criminal to try another conjecture, and ſee what can be made of it? It is known, that SHAKESPEARE liv'd to no great age, being taken off in his fifty third year; and yet his works are ſo numerous, that, when we take a ſurvey of them, they ſeem the productions of a life of twice that length: for to the

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NOTE.

Which *Latin* play is but a weak performance; and yet ſeemeth to be the play ſpoken of by ſir *John* HARRINGTON, (for the author was a *Cambridge* man, and of Saint *John*'s) in this paſſage of his "*Apologie of Poetrie*," prefix'd to his tranſlation of ARIOSTO's "Orlando," Edit. 1591, fol. "and for Tragedies, to omit other famous "Tragedies; That, that was played at S. *Johns* in *Cambridge*, of "Richard the 3. would move (I thinke) *Phalaris* the tyraunt, and "terrific all tyrãnous minded men, frõ following their fooliſh am-thirty ſix plays in this collection, we muſt add ſeven,(one of which is in two parts) perhaps written over again; 4 ſeven others that were publiſh'd ſome of them in his life-time, and all with his name; and another ſeven, that are upon good grounds imputed to him; making in all, fifty eight plays; beſides the part that he may reasonably be thought to have had in other men's labours, being himſelf a player and manager of theatres: What his proſe productions were, we know not: but it can hardly be ſuppos'd, that he, who had ſo conſiderable a ſhare in the confidence of the earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton*, could be a mute ſpectator only of controverſies in which they were ſo much intereſted; and his other poetical works, that are known, will fill a volume the ſize of theſe that we have here. When the number and bulk of theſe pieces, the ſhortneſs of his life, and the other busy employments of it are reflected upon duly, can it be a wonder that he ſhould be ſo looſe a tranſcriber of them? or why ſhould we refuse to give credit to what his companions tell us, of the ſtate of thoſe tranſcriptions, and of the facility with which they were pen'd? Let it then be granted, that theſe quarto's are the Poet's own copies, however they were come by; haſtily written at firſt, and iſſuing from preſſes moſt of them as corrupt and licentious as can any where be produc'd, and not overſeen by himſelf, nor by

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NOTE.

"bitious humors, ſeeing how his ambition made him kill his bro-"ther, his nephews, his wife, beſide infinit others; and laſt of all "after a ſhort and troubleſome raigne, to end his miſerable life, and "to have his body harried after his death."

4 *Vide, p.* 2. of this Introduction, and the Table at the end of it.

any of his friends: And there can be no ſtronger reason for ſubſcribing to any opinion, than may be drawn in favour of this from the condition of all the other plays that were firſt printed in the folio: for, in method of publication, they have the greateſt likeneſs poſſible to those which preceeded them, and carry all the ſame marks of haſte and negligence; yet the genuineneſs of the latter is atteſted by those who publiſh'd them, and no proof brought to invalidate their teſtimony. If it be ſtill aſk'd, what then becomes of the accusation brought againſt the quarto's by the player editors, the anſwer is not ſo far off as may perhaps be expected: It may be true, that they were "ſtoln;" but ſtoln from the Author's copies, by tranſcribers who found means to get at them: [5] and "maim'd" they muſt needs be, in reſpect of their many alterations after the firſt performance: And who knows, if the difference that is between them, in ſome of the plays that are common to them both, has not been ſtudiouſly heighten'd by the player editors,—who had the means in their power, being maſters of all the alterations,—to give at once a greater currency to their own lame edition, and ſupport the charge which they bring againſt the quarto's? this, at leaſt, is a probable opinion, and no bad way of accounting for those differences.[6]

It were easy to add abundance of other arguments in

NOTE.

[5] But ſee a note at *p.* 5, which ſeems to infer that they were fairly come by: which is, in truth, the editor's opinion, at leaſt of ſome of them; though, in way of argument, and for the ſake of clearneſs, he has here admitted the charge in that full extent in which they bring it.

[6] Some of these alterations are in the quarto's themſelves; (ano-

favour of these quarto's;—Such as, their exact affinity to almoſt all the publications of this ſort that came out about that time; of which it will hardly be aſſerted by any reasoning man, that they are all clandeſtine copies, and publiſh'd without their authors' conſent: Next, the high improbability of ſuppoſing that none of these plays were of the Poet's own ſetting-out: whose caſe is render'd ſingular by ſuch a ſuppoſition; it being certain, that every other author of the time, without exception, who wrote any thing largely, publiſh'd ſome of his plays himſelf, and *Ben* JONSON all of them: Nay, the very errors and faults of these quarto's,—ſome of them at leaſt, and those ſuch as are brought againſt them by other arguers,—are, with the editor, proofs of their genuineneſs; For from what hand, but that of the Author himſelf, could come those ſeemingly-ſtrange repetitions which are ſpoken of at *p.* 4? those imperfect entries, and entries of perſons who have no concern in the play at all, neither in the ſcene where they are made to enter, nor in any other part of it? yet ſuch there are in ſeveral of these quarto's; and ſuch might well be expected in the haſty draughts of ſo negligent an Author, who neither ſaw at once all he might want, nor, in ſome inſtances, gave himſelf ſufficient time to conſider the fitneſs

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NOTE.

ther proof this, of their being authentick) as in "Richard II:" where a large ſcene, that of the king's depoſing, appears firſt in the copy of 1608, the third quarto impreſſion, being wanting in the two former: and in one copy of "2. Henry IV," there is a ſcene too that is not in the other, though of the ſame year; it is the firſt of act the third. And "Hamlet" has ſome ſtill more conſiderable; for the copy of 1605 has these words,—"Newly imprinted and enlarof what he was then penning. Theſe and other like arguments might, as is ſaid before, be collected, and urg'd for the plays that were firſt publiſh'd in the quarto's; that is, for fourteen of them, for the other ſix are out of the queſtion: But what has been enlarg'd upon above, of their being follow'd by the folio, and their apparent general likeneſs to all the other plays that are in that collection, is ſo very forcible as to be ſufficient of itſelf to ſatiſfy the unprejudic'd, that the plays of both impreſſions ſpring all from the ſame ſtock, and owe their numerous imperfections to one common origin and cause,—the too-great negligence and haſte of their over-careleſs Producer.

But to return to the thing immediately treated,—the ſtate of the old editions. The quarto's went through many impreſſions, as may be ſeen in the Table: and, in each play, the laſt is generally taken from the impreſſion next before it, and ſo onward to the firſt; the few that come not within this rule, are taken notice of in the Table: And this further is to be observ'd of them: that, generally ſpeaking, the more diſtant they are from the original, the more they abound in faults; 'till, in the end, the corruptions of the laſt copies become ſo exceſſive, as to make them of hardly any worth. The folio too

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ged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie:" Now though no prior copy has yet been produc'd, it is certain there was ſuch by the teſtimony of this title-page: and that the play was in being at leaſt nine years before, is prov'd by a book of doctor LODGE's, printed in 1596; which play was perhaps an imperfect one; and not unlike that we have now of "Romeo *and* Juliet," printed the year after; a fourth inſtance too of what had it's re-impreſſions, the dates and notices of which are likewiſe in the Table, and they tread the ſame round as did the quarto's: only that the third of them has ſeven plays more, (ſee their titles below [7]) in which it is follow'd by the laſt; and that again by the firſt of the modern impreſſions, which come now to be ſpoken of.

If the ſtage be a mirror of the times, as undoubtedly it is, and we judge of the age's temper by what we ſee prevailing there, what muſt we think of the times that ſucceeded SHAKESPEARE? JONSON, favour'd by a court that delighted only in maſques, had been gaining ground upon him even in his life-time; and his death put him in full poſſeſſion of a poſt he had long aſpir'd to, the empire of the drama: The props of this new king's throne, were — FLETCHER, SHIRLEY, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, BROOME, and others; and how unequal they all were, the monarch and his ſubjects too, to the Poet they came after, let their works teſtify: yet they had the vogue on their ſide, during all those bleſſed times that preceded the civil war, and SHAKESPEARE was held in diſeſteem. The war, and medley government that follow'd, ſwept all these things away: but they were reſtor'd with the king; and another ſtage took place, in which SHAKESPEARE had little ſhare. DRYDEN had

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the note advances.

[7] " Locrine; *The* London *Prodigal*; Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre; *The Puritan, or, the Widow of* Watling-ſtreet; *Sir* John Oldcaſtle; Thomas *Lord* Cromwel; & *The* Yorkſhire *Tragedy:*" And the imputed ones, mention'd a little above, are these; —" *The Arraignment of* Paris; *Birth of* Merlin; *Fair* Em; Edward III; *Merry Devil of* Edmonton; Mucedorus; & *The two noble Kinsmen:*" but in the " *Merry Devil*

then the lead, and maintain'd it for half a century: though his government was ſometimes diſputed by **Lee**, **Tate**, **Shadwell**, **Wytcherley**, and others; weaken'd much by "*The Rehearſal;*" and quite overthrown in the end by **Otway**, and **Rowe**: What the caſt of their plays was, is known to every one: but that **Shakespeare**, the true and genuine **Shakespeare**, was not much reliſh'd, is plain from the many alterations of him, that were brought upon the ſtage by ſome of those gentlemen, and by others within that period.

But, from what has been ſaid, we are not to conclude —that the Poet had no admirers: for the contrary is true; and he had in all this interval no inconſiderable party amongſt men of the greateſt underſtanding, who both ſaw his merit, in deſpite of the darkneſs it was then wrapt up in, and ſpoke loudly in his praise; but the ſtream of the publick favour ran the other way. But this too coming about at the time we are ſpeaking of, there was a demand for his works, and in a form that was more convenient than the folio's: in conſequence of which, the gentleman laſt mention'd was ſet to work by the bookſellers; and, in 1709, he put out an edition in ſix volumes, octavo, which, unhappily, is the baſis of all the other moderns: For this editor went no further than to

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of Edmonton," **Rowley** is call'd his partner in the title-page; and **Fletcher**, in the "*Two noble Kinsmen.*" What external proofs there are of their coming from **Shakespeare**, are gather'd all together, and put down in the Table; and further it not concerns us to engage: But let those who are inclin'd to diſpute it, carry this along with them;—that *London*, in **Shakespeare**'s time, had a multitude of play-houses; erected ſome in inn-yards, and ſuch like the edition neareſt to him in time, which was the folio of 1685, the laſt and worſt of those impreſſions: this he republiſh'd with great exactneſs; correcting here and there ſome of it's groſſeſt miſtakes, and dividing into acts and ſcenes the plays that were not divided before.

But no ſooner was this edition in the hands of the publick, than they ſaw in part its deficiences, and one of another ſort began to be required of them; which accordingly was ſet about ſome years after by two gentlemen at once, Mr. POPE, and Mr. THEOBALD. The labours of the firſt came out in 1725, in ſix volumes, quarto: and he has the merit of having firſt improv'd his Author, by the inſertion of many large paſſages, ſpeeches, and ſingle lines, taken from the quarto's; and of amending him in other places, by readings fetch'd from the ſame: but his materials were few, and his collation of them not the moſt careful; which, join'd to other faults, and to that main one—of making his predeceſſor's the copy himſelf follow'd, brought his labours in diſrepute, and has finally ſunk them in neglect.

His publication retarded the other gentleman, and he did not appear 'till the year 1733, when his work too came out in ſeven volumes, octavo. The oppoſition that was between them ſeems to have enflam'd him, which was heighten'd by other motives, and he declaims vehemently againſt the work of his antagoniſt: which yet

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places, and frequented by the loweſt of the people; ſuch audiences as might have been ſeen ſome years ago in *Southwark* and *Bartholomew*, and may be ſeen at this day in the country; to which it was alſo a cuſtom for players to make excurſion, at wake-times and feſtivals: and for ſuch places, and ſuch occaſions, might theſe pieces ſerv'd him for a model; and his own is made only a little better, by his having a few more materials; of which he was not a better collator than the other, nor did he excel him in uſe of them; for, in this article, both their judgments may be equally call'd in queſtion: in what he has done that is conjectural, he is rather more happy; but in this he had large aſſiſtances.

But the gentleman that came next, is a critick of another ſtamp; and purſues a track, in which it is greatly to be hop'd he will never be follow'd in the publication of any authors whatſoever: for this were, in effect, to annihilate them, if carry'd a little further; by deſtroying all marks of peculiarity and notes of time, all eaſineſs of expreſſion and numbers, all juſtneſs of thought, and the nobility of not a few of their conceptions: The manner in which his Author is treated, excites an indignation that will be thought by ſome to vent itſelf too ſtrongly; but terms weaker would do injuſtice to my feelings, and the cenſure ſhall be hazarded. Mr. POPE's edition was the ground-work of this over-bold one; ſplendidly printed at *Oxford* in ſix quarto volumes, and publiſh'd in the year 1744: The publiſher diſdains all collation of folio, or quarto; and fetches all from his great ſelf, and the moderns his predeceſſors: wantoning in very licence of conjecture; and ſweeping all before him, (without notice, or reason given) that not ſuits his

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be compos'd in the Author's early time; the worſt of them ſuiting well enough to the parties they might be made for:—And this, or ſomething nearly of this ſort, may have been the caſe too of ſome plays in his great collection, which ſhall be ſpoken of in their place.

taſte, or lies level to his conceptions. But this juſtice ſhould be done him:—as his conjectures are numerous, they are oftentimes not unhappy; and ſome of them are of that excellence, that one is ſtruck with amazement to ſee a perſon of ſo much judgment as he ſhows himſelf in them, adopt a method of publiſhing that runs counter to all the ideas that wiſe men have hitherto entertain'd of an editor's province and duty.

The year 1747 produc'd a fifth edition, in eight octavo volumes, publiſh'd by Mr. WARBURTON; which though it is ſaid in the title-page to be the joint work of himſelf and the ſecond editor, the third ought rather to have been mention'd, for it is printed from his text. The merits of this performance have been ſo thoroughly diſcuſs'd in two very ingenious books, "*The Canons of Criticism,*" and "*Reviſal of* SHAKESPEARE'*s Text,*" that it is needleſs to ſay any more of it: this only ſhall be added to what may be there met with,—that the edition is not much benefited by freſh acquiſitions from the old ones, which this gentleman ſeems to have neglected. [8]

Other charges there are, that might be brought againſt these modern impreſſions, without infringing the laws of truth or candour either: but what is ſaid, will be ſufficient; and may ſatiſfy their greateſt favourers,—

NOTE.

[8] It will perhaps be thought ſtrange, that nothing ſhould be ſaid in this place of another edition that came out about a twelvemonth ago, in eight volumes, octavo; but the reaſons for it, are theſe:—There is no uſe made of it, nor could be; for the preſent was finiſh'd, within a play or two, and printed too in great part, before that appear'd: the firſt ſheet of this work (being the firſt of volume 2.) went

that the ſuperſtructure cannot be a ſound one, which is built upon ſo bad a foundation as that work of Mr. ROWE's; which all of them, as we ſee, in ſucceſſion, have yet made their corner-ſtone: The truth is, it was impoſſible that ſuch a beginning ſhould end better than it has done: the fault was in the ſetting-out; and all the diligence that could be us'd, join'd to the diſcernment of a PEARCE, or a BENTLEY, could never purge their Author of all his defects by their method of proceeding.

The editor now before you was appriz'd in time of this truth; ſaw the wretched condition his Author was reduc'd to by these late tamperings, and thought ſeriouſly of a cure for it, and that ſo long ago as the year 1745; for the attempt was firſt ſuggeſted by that gentleman's performance, which came out at *Oxford* the year before: Which when he had perus'd with no little aſtoniſhment, and conſider'd the fatal conſequences that muſt inevitably follow the imitation of ſo much licence, he reſolv'd himſelf to be the champion; and to exert to the uttermoſt ſuch abilities as he was maſter of, to ſave from further ruin an edifice of this dignity, which *England* muſt for ever glory in. Hereupon he poſſeſſ'd himſelf of the other modern editions, the folio's, and as many quarto's as could preſently be procur'd; and, within

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to the preſs in September 1760: and this volume was follow'd by volumes 8, 4, 9, 1, 6, and 7; the laſt of which was printed off in Auguſt 1765: In the next place, the merits and demerits of it are unknown to the preſent editor even at this hour: this only he has perceiv'd in it, having look'd it but ſlightly over, that the text it follows is that of it's neareſt predeceſſor, and from that copy it was printed.

a few years after, fortune and induſtry help'd him to all the reſt, ſix only excepted;[9] adding to them withal twelve more, which the compilers of former tables had no knowledge of. Thus furniſh'd, he fell immediately to collation,—which is the firſt ſtep in works of this nature; and, without it, nothing is done to purpose,—firſt of moderns with moderns, then of moderns with ancients, and afterwards of ancients with others more ancient: 'till, at the laſt, a ray of light broke forth upon him, by which he hop'd to find his way through the wilderneſs of these editions into that fair country the Poet's real habitation. He had not proceeded far in his collation, before he ſaw cause to come to this resolution;—to ſtick invariably to the old editions, (that is, the beſt of them) which hold now the place of manuſcripts, no ſcrap of the Author's writing having the luck to come down to us; and never to depart from them, but in caſes where reason, and the uniform practice of men of the greateſt note in this art, tell him—they may be quitted; nor yet in those, without notice. But it will be neceſſary, that the general method of this edition ſhould now be lay'd open; that the publick may be put in a capacity not only of comparing it with those they already have, but of judging whether any thing remains to be done towards the fixing this Author's text in the manner himſelf gave it.

It is ſaid a little before,—that we have nothing of his

NOTE.

[9] But of one of these ſix, (a " 1. Henry IV," edition 1604) the editor thinks he is posseſſ'd of a very large fragment, imperfect only in the firſt and laſt ſheet; which has been collated, as far as it goes,

in writing; that the printed copies are all that is left to guide us; and that those copies are ſubject to numberleſs imperfections, but not all in like degree: our firſt buſineſs then, was—to examine their merit, and ſee on which ſide the ſcale of goodneſs preponderated; which we have generally found, to be on that of the moſt ancient: It may be ſeen in the Table, what editions are judg'd to have the preference among those plays that were printed ſingly in quarto; and for thoſe plays, the text of thoſe editions is chiefly adher'd to: in all the reſt, the firſt folio is follow'd; the text of which is by far the moſt faultleſs of the editions in that form; and has alſo the advantage in three quarto plays, in "2. Henry IV, Othello, and Richard III." Had the editions thus follow'd been printed with carefulneſs, from correct copies, and copies not added to or otherwiſe alter'd after thoſe impreſſions, there had been no occaſion for going any further: but this was not at all the caſe, even in the beſt of them; and it therefore became proper and neceſſary to look into the other old editions, and to ſelect from thence whatever improves the Author, or contributes to his advancement in perfectneſs, the point in view throughout all this performance: that they do improve him, was with the editor an argument in their favour; and a preſumption of genuineneſs for what is thus ſelected, whether additions, or differences of any other nature; and the cauſes of their appearing in ſome copies, and

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along with the others: And of the twelve quarto editions, which he has had the fortune to add to thoſe that were known before, ſome of them are of great value; as may be ſeen by looking into the Table, being wanting in others, cannot now be diſcover'd, by reaſon of the time's diſtance, and defect of fit materials for making the diſcovery. Did the limits of his Introduction allow of it, the editor would gladly have dilated and treated more at large this article of his plan; as that which is of greateſt importance, and moſt likely to be conteſted of any thing in it: but this doubt, or this diſſent, (if any be) muſt come from those perſons only who are not yet poſſeſs'd of the idea they ought to entertain of these ancient impreſſions; for of those who are, he fully perſuades himſelf he ſhall have both the approof and the applauſe. But without entering further in this place into the reaſonableneſs, or even neceſſity, of ſo doing, he does for the present acknowledge,—that he has every-where made uſe of ſuch materials as he met with in other old copies, which he thought improv'd the editions that are made the ground-work of the present text: And whether they do ſo, or no, the judicious part of the world may certainly know, by turning to a Collection that will be publiſh'd; where all diſcarded readings are enter'd, all additions noted, and variations of every kind; and the editions ſpecify'd, to which they ſeverally belong.

But, when these helps were adminiſter'd, there was yet behind a very great number of paſſages, labouring under various defects and those of various degree, that had their cure to ſeek from ſome other ſources, that of copies affording it no more: For these he had recourſe in the firſt place to the aſſiſtance of modern copies: and, where that was incompetent, or elſe abſolutely deficient, which was very often the caſe, there he ſought the remedy in himſelf, using judgment and conjecture; which, he is bold to ſay, he will not be found to have exercis'd wantonly, but to follow the eſtabliſh'd rules of critique with ſoberneſs and temperance. These emendations, (whether of his own, or other gentlemen[10]) carrying in themſelves a face of certainty, and coming in aid of places that were apparently corrupt, are admitted into the text, and the rejected reading is always put below; ſome others,—that have neither that certainty, nor are of that neceſſity; but are ſpecious and plauſible, and may be thought by ſome to mend the paſſage they belong to,—will have a place in the Collection that is ſpoken of above. But where it is ſaid, that the rejected reading is always put below, this muſt be taken with ſome reſtriction: for ſome of the emendations, and of courſe the ancient readings upon which they are grounded, being of a complicated nature, the general method was there inconvenient; and, for these few, you are refer'd to a Note which will be found among the reſt: and another ſort there are, that are ſimply inſertions; these are effectually pointed out by being printed in the gothick or black character.

Hitherto, the defects and errors of these old editions have been of ſuch a nature, that we could lay them before the reader, and ſubmit to his judgment the remedies that are apply'd to them; which is accordingly done, either in the page itſelf where they occur, or in ſome

NOTE.

[10] In the manuſcripts from which all these plays are printed, the emendations are given to their proper owners by initials and other marks that are in the margin of those manuſcripts; but they are ſuppreſſ'd in the print for two reasons: Firſt, their number, in ſome pages, makes them a little unſightly; and the editor profeſſes him-

note that is to follow: But there are ſome behind that would not be ſo manag'd; either by reason of their frequency, or difficulty of ſubjecting them to the rules under which the others are brought: they have been ſpoken of before at *p.* 4, where the corruptions are all enumerated, and are as follows;—a want of proper exits and entrances, and of many ſcenical directions, throughout the work in general, and, in ſome of the plays, a want of division; and the errors are those of measure, and punctuation: all these are mended, and ſupply'd, without notice and ſilently; but the reasons for ſo doing, and the method observ'd in doing it, ſhall be a little enlarg'd upon, that the fidelity of the editor, and that which is chiefly to diſtinguiſh him from those who have gone before, may ſtand ſacred and unimpeachable; and, firſt, of the division.

The thing chiefly intended in reprinting the liſt of titles that may be ſeen at *p.* 7, was,—to ſhow which plays were divided into acts, which into acts and ſcenes, and which of them were not divided at all; and the number of the firſt claſs is—eight, of the third—eleven: for though in "Henry V, 1. Henry VI, *Love's Labour's loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*," there is ſome division aim'd at; yet it is ſo lame and erroneous, that it was thought beſt to conſider them as totally undivided, and to rank them accordingly: Now when these plays were

NOTE.

ſelf weak enough to like a well-printed book: in the next place, he does declare—that his only object has been, to do ſervice to his great Author; which provided it be done, he thinks it of ſmall importance by what hand the ſervice was adminiſter'd: If the partisans of former editors ſhall chance to think them injur'd by this ſuppreſto be divided, as well those of the firſt claſs as those of the third, the plays of the ſecond claſs were ſtudiouſly attended to; and a rule was pick'd out from them, by which to regulate this division: which rule might easily have been diſcover'd before, had but any the leaſt pains been beſtow'd upon it; and certainly it was very well worth it, ſince neither can the representation be manag'd, nor the order and thread of the fable be properly conceiv'd by the reader, 'till this article is adjuſted. The plays that are come down to us divided, muſt be look'd upon as of the Author's own ſettling; and in them, with regard to acts, we find him following eſtabliſh'd precepts, or, rather, conforming himſelf to the practice of ſome other dramatick writers of his time; for they, it is likely, and Nature, were the books he was beſt acquainted with: His ſcene divisions he certainly did not fetch from writers upon the drama; for, in them, he observes a method in which perhaps he is ſingular, and he is invariable in the uſe of it: with him, a change of ſcene implies generally a change of place, though not always; but always an entire evacuation of it, and a ſucceſſion of new perſons: that *liaiſon* of the ſcenes, which Jonson ſeems to have attempted, and upon which the *French* ſtage prides itſelf, he does not appear to have had any idea of; of the other unities he was perfectly well appriz'd; and has follow'd them, in one of his

NOTE.

ſion, he muſt upon this occasion violate the rules of modeſty, by declaring—that he himſelf is the moſt injur'd by it; whose emendations are equal, at leaſt in number, to all theirs if put together; to ſay nothing of his recover'd readings, which are more conſiderable ſtill.

plays, with as great ſtrictneſs and greater happineſs than can perhaps be met with in any other writer: the play meant, is "*The Comedy of Errors*;" in which the action is one, the place one, and the time ſuch as even ARISTOTLE himſelf would allow of—the revolution of half a day: But even in this play, the change of ſcene ariſes from change of perſons, and by that it is regulated; as are alſo all the other plays that are not divided in the folio: for whoever will take the trouble to examine those that are divided, (and they are pointed out for him in the liſt) will ſee them conform exactly to the rule above-mention'd; and can then have but little doubt, that it ſhould be apply'd to all the reſt.[11] To have diſtinguiſh'd these divisions,—made (indeed) without the authority, but following the example of the folio,—had been uſeleſs and troubleſome; and the editor fully perſuades himſelf, that what he has ſaid will be ſufficient, and that he ſhall be excus'd by the ingenious and candid for overpaſſing them without further notice: whose pardon he hopes alſo to have for ſome other unnotic'd matters that are related to this in hand, ſuch as—marking the place of action, both general and particular; ſupplying ſcenical directions; and due regulating of exits, and entrances: for of the firſt, there is no tittle in the old editions; and in both the latter, they are ſo deficient and faulty throughout, that it would not be much

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NOTE.

[11] The divisions that are in the folio are religiouſly adher'd to, except in two or three inſtances which will be ſpoken of in their place; ſo that, as is ſaid before, a perusal of those old-divided plays will put every one in a capacity of judging whether the present ed-

amiſs if we look'd upon them as wanting too; and then all theſe ſeveral articles might be conſider'd as additions, that needed no other pointing out than a declaration that they are ſo: The light they throw upon the plays in general, and particularly upon ſome parts of them,—ſuch as, the battle ſcenes throughout; *Cæsar's* paſſage to the ſenate-houſe, and ſubſequent aſſaſſination; *Antony's* death; the ſurprizal and death of *Cleopatra*; that of *Titus Andronicus*; and a multitude of others, which are all directed new in this edition,—will juſtify theſe inſertions; and may, poſſibly, merit the reader's thanks, for the great aids which they afford to his conception.

It remains now to ſpeak of errors of the old copies which are here amended without notice, to wit—the pointing, and wrong diviſion of much of them reſpecting the numbers. And as to the firſt, it is ſo extreamly erroneous, throughout all the plays, and in every old copy, that ſmall regard is due to it; and it becomes an editor's duty, (inſtead of being influenc'd by ſuch a punctuation, or even caſting his eyes upon it) to attend cloſely to the meaning of what is before him, and to new-point it accordingly: Was it the buſineſs of this edition—to make parade of diſcoveries, this article alone would have afforded ample field for it; for a very great number of paſſages are now firſt ſet to rights by this

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NOTE.

itor has proceeded rightly or no: the current editions are divided in ſuch a manner, that nothing like a rule can be collected from any of them.

only, which, before, had either no ſenſe at all, or one unſuiting the context, and unworthy the noble penner of it: but all the emendations of this ſort, though inferior in merit to no others whatſoever, are conſign'd to ſilence; ſome few only excepted, of paſſages that have been much conteſted, and whoſe preſent adjuſtment might poſſibly be call'd in queſtion again; theſe will be ſpoken of in ſome note, and a reaſon given for embracing them: All the other parts of the work have been examin'd with equal diligence, and equal attention; and the editor flatters himſelf, that the punctuation he has follow'd, (into which he has admitted ſome novelties[12]) will be found of ſo much benefit to his Author, that those who run may read, and that with profit and underſtanding. The other great miſtake in theſe old editions, and which is very inſufficiently rectify'd in any of the new ones, relates to the Poet's numbers; his verſe being often wrong divided, or printed wholly as proſe, and his proſe as often printed like verſe: this, though not ſo univerſal as their wrong pointing, is yet ſo extenſive an error in the old copies, and ſo impoſſible to be pointed out otherwiſe than by a note, that an editor's ſilent amendment of it is ſurely pardonable at leaſt; For who would not be diſguſted with that perpetual ſameneſs which muſt neceſſarily have been in all the notes of this ſort? Neither are they, in truth, emendations that require proving; every good ear does imme-

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[12] If the uſe of theſe new pointings, and alſo of certain marks that he will meet with in this edition, do not occur immediately to the reader, (as we think it will) he may find it explain'd to him at

diately adopt them, and every lover of the Poet will be pleas'd with that acceſſion of beauty which results to him from them: It is perhaps to be lamented, that there is yet ſtanding in his works much unpleasing mixture of prosaic and metrical dialogue, and ſometimes in places ſeemingly improper, as—in "Othello," *p.* 21; and ſome others which men of judgment will be able to pick out for themſelves: but these blemiſhes are not now to be wip'd away, at leaſt not by an editor, whose province it far exceeds to make a change of this nature; but muſt remain as marks of the Poet's negligence, and of the haſte with which his pieces were compos'd: what he manifeſtly intended prose, (and we can judge of his intentions only from what appears in the editions that are come down to us) ſhould be printed as prose, what verſe as verſe; which, it is hop'd, is now done, with an accuracy that leaves no great room for any further conſiderable improvements in that way.

Thus have we run through, in as brief a manner as poſſible, all the ſeveral heads, of which it was thought proper and even neceſſary that the publick ſhould be appriz'd; as well those that concern preceding editions, both old and new; as the other which we have juſt quitted,—the method observ'd in the edition that is now before them: which though not ſo entertaining, it is confeſſ'd, nor affording ſo much room to diſplay the parts and talents of a writer, as ſome other topicks that

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NOTE.

large in the preface to a little octavo volume, intitl'd—"*Prolusions, or, ſelect Pieces of ancient Poetry*;" publiſh'd in 1760 by this editor, and printed for Mr. *Tonſon.*

have generally ſupply'd the place of them; ſuch as,—criticiſms or panegyricks upon the Author, hiſtorical anecdotes, eſſays, and *florilegia*; yet there will be found ſome odd people, who may be apt to pronounce of them—that they are ſuitable to the place they ſtand in, and convey all the inſtruction that ſhould be look'd for in a preface. Here, therefore, we might take our leave of the reader, bidding him welcome to the banquet that is ſet before him; were it not apprehended, and reaſonably, that he will expect ſome account why it is not ſerv'd up to him at preſent with it's accuſtom'd and laudable garniture, of "*Notes, Gloſſaries,*" &c: Now though it might be reply'd, as a reaſon for what is done,—that a very great part of the world, amongſt whom is the editor himſelf, profeſs much diſlike to this paginary intermixture of text and comment; in works meerly of entertainment, and written in the language of the country; as alſo—that he, the editor, does not poſseſs the ſecret of dealing out notes by meaſure, and diſtributing them amongſt his volumes ſo nicely that the equality of their bulk ſhall not be broke in upon the thickneſs of a ſheet of paper; yet, having other matter at hand which he thinks may excuſe him better, he will not have recourſe to theſe above-mention'd: which matter is no other, than his very ſtrong deſire of approving himſelf to the publick a man of integrity; and of making his future preſent more perfect, and as worthy of their acceptance as his abilities will let him. For the explaining of what is ſaid, which is a little wrap'd up in myſtery at preſent, we muſt inform that publick—that another work is prepar'd, and in great forwardneſs, having been wrought upon many years; nearly indeed as long as the work which is now before them, for they have gone hand in hand almoſt from the firſt: This work, to which we have given for title "*The School of* SHAKESPEARE," conſiſts wholy of extracts, (with obſervations upon ſome of them, interſperſ'd occaſionally) from books that may properly be call'd—his ſchool; as they are indeed the ſources from which he drew the greater part of his knowledge in mythology and claſſical matters,[13] his fable, his hiſtory, and even the ſeeming peculiarities of his language: To furniſh out theſe materials, all the plays have been perus'd, within a very ſmall number, that were in print in his time or ſome ſhort time after; the chroniclers his cotemporaries, or that a little preceeded him; many original poets of that age, and many tranſlators; with eſſayiſts, noveliſts, and ſtory-mongers in great abundance: every book, in ſhort, has been conſulted that it was poſſible to procure, with which it could be thought he was acquainted, or that ſeem'd likely to contribute any thing towards his illuſtration. To what degree they illuſtrate him, and in how new a light they ſet the character of this

NOTE.

[13] Though our expreſſions, as we think, are ſufficiently guarded in this place, yet, being fearful of miſconſtruction, we deſire to be heard further as to this affair of his learning. It is our firm belief then,—that SHAKESPEARE was very well grounded, at leaſt in *Latin*, at ſchool: It appears from the cleareſt evidence poſſible, that his father was a man of no little ſubſtance, and very well able to give him ſuch education; which, perhaps, he might be inclin'd to carry further, by ſending him to a univerſity; but was prevented in this deſign (if he had it) by his ſon's early marriage, which, from monuments and other like evidence, it appears with no leſs certainty, muſt have happen'd before he was ſeventeen, or very ſoon after: The dif-

great Poet himſelf, can never be conceiv'd as it ſhould be 'till these extracts come forth to publick view, in their juſt magnitude, and properly digeſted: for beſides the various paſſages that he has either made uſe of or alluded to, many other matters have been ſelected and will be found in this work, tending all to the ſame end, —our better knowledge of him and his writings; and one claſs of them there is, for which we ſhall perhaps be cenſur'd as being too profuſe in them, namely—the almoſt innumerable examples, drawn from these ancient writers, of words and modes of expreſſion which many have thought peculiar to SHAKESPEARE, and have been too apt to impute to him as a blemiſh: but the quotations of this claſs do effectually purge him from ſuch a charge, which is one reason of their profusion; though another main inducement to it has been, a desire of ſhewing the true force and meaning of the aforeſaid unusual words and expreſſions; which can no way be better aſcertain'd, than by a proper variety of well-chosen examples. Now,—to bring this matter home to the ſub-

NOTE.

pleasure of his father, which was the conſequence of this marriage, or elſe ſome exceſſes which he is ſaid to have been guilty of, it is probable, drove him up to town; where he engag'd early in ſome of the theatres, and was honour'd with the patronage of the earl of *Southampton:* his "Venus *and* Adonis" is addreſſ'd to that earl in a very pretty and modeſt dedication, in which he calls it—"*the firſt heire of his invention;*" and uſhers it to the world with this ſingular motto,—

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua;

and the whole poem, as well as his "Lucrece" which follow'd it ſoon after, together with his choice of those ſubjects, are plain marks ject for which it has been alledg'd, and upon whose account this affair is now lay'd before the publick ſomewhat before it's time,—who is ſo ſhort-ſighted as not to perceive upon firſt reflection, that, without manifeſt injuſtice, the Notes upon this Author could not preceed the publication of the work we have been deſcribing; whose choiceſt materials would unavoidably and certainly have found a place in those notes, and ſo been twice retail'd upon the world; a practice which the editor has often condemn'd in others, and could therefore not resolve to be guilty of in himſelf? By poſtponing these notes a while, things will be as they ought: they will then be confin'd to that which is their proper ſubject, explanation alone, intermix'd with ſome little criticism; and inſtead of long quotations, which would otherwise have appear'd in them, the "*School of* SHAKESPEARE" will be refer'd to occasionally; and one of the many indexes with which this ſame "*School*" will be provided, will afford an ampler and truer Gloſſary than can be made out of any other matter. In the mean while,

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NOTE.

of his acquaintance with ſome of the *Latin* claſſicks, at leaſt at that time: The diſſipation of youth, and, when that was over, the busy ſcene in which he inſtantly plung'd himſelf, may very well be ſuppos'd to have hinder'd his making any great progreſs in them; but that ſuch a mind as his ſhould quite lose the tincture of any knowledge it had once been imbu'd with, can not be imagin'd: accordingly we ſee, that this ſchool-learning (for it was no more) ſtuck with him to the laſt; and it was the recordations, as we may call it, of that learning which produc'd the *Latin* that is in many of his plays, and moſt plentifully in those that are moſt early: every ſeveral piece of it is aptly introduc'd, given to a proper character, and utt-

and 'till ſuch time as the whole can be got ready, and their way clear'd for them by publication of the book above-mention'd, the reader will please to take in good part ſome few of these notes with which he will be presented by and by: they were written at leaſt four years ago, with intention of placing them at the head of the ſeveral notes that are deſign'd for each play; but are now detach'd from their fellows, and made parcel of the Introduction, in compliance with ſome friends' opinion; who having given them a perusal, will needs have it, that 'tis expedient the world ſhould be made acquainted forthwith—in what ſort of reading the poor Poet himſelf, and his editor after him, have been unfortunately immerſ'd.

This diſcourſe is run out, we know not how, into greater heap of leaves than was any ways thought of, and has perhaps fatigu'd the reader equally with the penner of it: yet can we not diſmiſs him, nor lay down our pen, 'till one article more has been enquir'd into, which ſeems no leſs proper for the diſcuſſion of this place, than one

NOTE.

er'd upon ſome proper occaſion; and ſo well cemented, as it were, and join'd to the paſſage it ſtands in, as to deal conviction to the judicious—that the whole was wrought up together, and fetch'd from his own little ſtore, upon the ſudden and without ſtudy.

The other languages which he has ſometimes made uſe of, that is—the *Italian* and *French*, are not of ſuch difficult conqueſt that we ſhould think them beyond his reach: an acquaintance with the firſt of them was a ſort of faſhion in his time; *Surrey* and the ſonnet-writers ſet it on foot, and it was continu'd by SIDNEY and SPENCER: all our poetry iſſu'd from that ſchool; and it would be wonderful indeed, if he, whom we ſaw a little before putting himſelf which we have inſerted before, beginning at *p.* 8; as we there ventur'd to ſtand up in the behalf of ſome quarto's and maintain their authenticity, ſo mean we to have the hardineſs here to defend ſome certain plays in this collection from the attacks of a number of writers who have thought fit to call in queſtion their genuineneſs: The plays conteſted are—"*The three Parts of* Henry VI; *Love's Labour's loſt*; *The Taming of the Shrew*; *and* Titus Andronicus;" and the ſum of what is brought againſt them, ſo far at leaſt as is hitherto come to knowledge, may be all ultimately reſolv'd into the ſole opinion of their unworthineſs, excluſive of ſome weak ſurmises which do not deserve a notice: it is therefore fair and allowable, by all laws of duelling, to oppose opinion to opinion; which if we can ſtrengthen with reasons, and ſomething like proofs, which are totally wanting on the other ſide, the laſt opinion may chance to carry the day.

To begin then with the firſt of them, "*the* Henry VI, *in three Parts.*" We are quite in the dark as to when the

NOTE.

with ſo much zeal under the banner of the muses, ſhould not have been tempted to taſte at leaſt of that fountain to which of all his other brethren there was ſuch continual resort: let us conclude then, that he did taſte of it; but, happily for himſelf, and more happy for the world that enjoys him now, he did not find it to his reliſh, and threw away the cup: Metaphor apart, it is evident—that he had ſome little knowledge of the *Italian*: perhaps, juſt as much as enabl'd him to read a novel or a poem; and to put ſome few fragments of it, with which his memory furniſh'd him, into the mouth of a pedant, or fine gentleman.

How or when he acquir'd it we muſt be content to be ignorant;

firſt part was written; but ſhould be apt to conjecture, that it was ſome conſiderable time after the other two; and, perhaps, when those two were re-touch'd, and made a little fitter than they are in their firſt draught to rank with the Author's other plays which he has fetch'd from our *Engliſh* hiſtory: and those two parts, even with all their re-touchings, being ſtill much inferior to the other plays of that claſs, he may reasonably be ſuppos'd to have underwrit himſelf on purpose in the firſt, that it might the better match with those it belong'd to: Now that these two plays (the firſt draught of them, at leaſt) are among his early performances, we know certainly from their date; which is further confirm'd by the two concluding lines of his "Henry V," ſpoken by the Chorus; and (poſſibly) it were not going too far, to imagine—that they are his ſecond attempt in hiſtory, and near in time to his original "*King* John" which is alſo in two parts: and, if this be ſo, we may ſafely pronounce them his, and even highly worthy of him; it being certain, that there was no *Engliſh* play upon the ſtage, at

NOTE.

but of the *French* language he was ſomewhat a greater maſter than of the two that have gone before; yet, unleſs we except their noveliſts, he does not appear to have had much acquaintance with any of their writers; what he has given us of it is meerly colloquial, flows with great ease from him, and is reasonably pure: Should it be ſaid—he had travel'd for't, we know not who can confute us: in his days indeed, and with people of his ſtation, the cuſtom of doing ſo was rather rarer than in ours; yet we have met with an example, and in his own band of players, in the perſon of the very famous Mr. KEMPE; of whose travels there is mention in a ſilly old play, call'd—"*The Return from* Parnaſſus," printed in 1606, that time, which can come at all in competition with them; and this probably it was, which procur'd them the good reception that is mention'd too in the Chorus. The plays we are now ſpeaking of have been inconceivably mangl'd either in the copy or the preſs, or perhaps both: yet this may be diſcover'd in them,—that the alterations made afterwards by the Author are nothing near ſo conſiderable as those in ſome other plays; the incidents, the characters, every principal out-line in ſhort being the ſame in both draughts; ſo that what we ſhall have occasion to ſay of the ſecond, may, in ſome degree, and without much violence, be apply'd alſo to the firſt: And this we presume to ſay of it;—that, low as it muſt be ſet in compariſon with his other plays, it has beauties in it, and grandeurs, of which no other author was capable but SHAKESPEARE only: that extreamly-affecting ſcene of the death of young *Rutland*, that of his father which comes next it, and of *Clifford* the murtherer of them both; *Beaufort*'s dreadful exit, the exit of king *Henry*, and a ſcene of wondrous ſimplicity

NOTE.

but written much earlier in the time of queen *Elizabeth:* add to this—the exceeding great livelineſs and juſtneſs that is ſeen in many deſcriptions of the ſea and of promontories, which, if examin'd, ſhew another ſort of knowledge of them than is to be gotten in books or relations; and if these be lay'd together, this conjecture of his travelling may not be thought void of probability.

One opinion, we are ſure, which is advanc'd ſomewhere or other, is utterly ſo;—that this *Latin*, and this *Italian*, and the language that was laſt mention'd, are inſertions and the work of ſome other hand: There has been ſtarted now and then in philological matters a proposition ſo ſtrange as to carry it's own condemnation in it, and

and wondrous tenderneſs united, in which that *Henry* is made a ſpeaker while his laſt deciſive battle is fighting, —are as ſo many ſtamps upon these plays; by which his property is mark'd, and himſelf declar'd the owner of them, beyond controverſy as we think: And though we have ſelected these paſſages only, and recommended them to observation, it had been easy to name abundance of others which bear his mark as ſtrongly: and one circumſtance there is that runs through all the three plays, by which he is as ſurely to be known as by any other that can be thought of; and that is,—the preservation of character: all the perſonages in them are diſtinctly and truly delineated, and the character given them ſuſtain'd uniformly throughout; the enormous *Richard*'s particularly, which in the third of these plays is ſeen rising towards it's zenith: and who ſees not the future monſter, and acknowledges at the ſame time the pen that drew it, in these two lines only, ſpoken over a king who lies ſtab'd before him,—

What, will the aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*

NOTE.

this is of the number; it has been honour'd already with more notice than it is any ways entitl'd to, where the Poet's *Latin* is ſpoke of a little while before; to which anſwer it muſt be left, and we ſhall paſs on—to profeſs our entire belief of the genuineneſs of every ſeveral part of this work, and that he only was the Author of it: he might write beneath himſelf at particular times, and certainly does in ſome places; but is not always without excuſe; and it frequently happens that a weak ſcene ſerves to very good purpose, as will be made appear at one time or other. It may be thought that there is one argument ſtill unanſwer'd, which has been brought againſt his acquaintance with the *Latin* and other languages; and that is,—that, Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted. let him never pretend diſcernment hereafter in any caſe of this nature.

It is hard to perſuade one's ſelf, that the objecters to the play which comes next are indeed ſerious in their opinion; for if he is not viſible in "*Love's Labour's loſt*," we know not in which of his comedies he can be ſaid to be ſo: the eaſe and ſprightlineſs of the dialogue in very many parts of it; it's quick turns of wit, and the humour it abounds in; and (chiefly) in thoſe truly comick characters, the pedant and his companion, the page, the conſtable, *Coſtard*, and *Armado*,—ſeem more than ſufficient to prove SHAKESPEARE the Author of it: And for the blemiſhes of this play, we muſt ſeek their true cauſe in it's antiquity; which we may venture to carry higher than 1598, the date of it's firſt impreſſion: rime, when this play appear'd, was thought a beauty of the drama, and heard with ſingular pleaſure by an audience who but a few years before had been accuſtom'd to all rime; and the meaſure we call dogrel, and are ſo much

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NOTE.

had he been ſo acquainted, it could not have happen'd but that ſome imitations would have crept into his writings, of which certainly there are none: But this argument has been anſwer'd in effect; when it was ſaid—that his knowledge in theſe languages was but ſlender, and his converſation with the writers in them ſlender too of courſe: but, had it been otherwiſe, and he as deeply read in them as ſome people have thought him, his works (it is probable) had been as little deform'd with imitations as we now ſee them: SHAKESPEARE was far above ſuch a practice; he had the ſtores in himſelf, and wanted not the aſſiſtance of a foreign hand to dreſs him up in things of their lending.

offended with, had no ſuch effect upon the ears of that time: but whether blemiſhes or no, or however this matter be which we have brought to exculpate him, neither of these articles can with any face of juſtice be alledg'd againſt "*Love's Labour's loſt*," ſeeing they are both to be met with in ſeveral other plays, the genuineneſs of which has not been queſtion'd by any one. And one thing more ſhall be obſerv'd in the behalf of this play;—that the Author himſelf was ſo little diſpleas'd at leaſt with ſome parts of it, that he has brought them a ſecond time upon the ſtage; For who may not perceive that his famous *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are but little more than the counter-parts of *Biron* and *Rosaline?* All which circumſtances conſider'd, and that eſpecially of the Writer's childhood (as it may be term'd) when this comedy was produc'd, we may confidently pronounce it his true off-ſpring, and replace it amongſt it's brethren.

That the "*Taming of the Shrew*" ſhould ever have been put into this claſs of plays, and adjudg'd a ſpurious one, may juſtly be reckon'd wonderful, when we conſider it's merit, and the reception it has generally met with in the world: It's ſucceſs at firſt, and the eſteem it was then held in, induc'd FLETCHER to enter the liſts with it in another play, in which *Petruchio* is humbl'd and *Catharine* triumphant; and we have it in his works, under the title of "*The Woman's Prize, or, the Tamer tam'd*:" but, by an unhappy miſtake of buffoonery for humour and obſcenity for wit, which was not uncommon with that author, his production came lamely off, and was ſoon conſign'd to the oblivion in which it is now bury'd; whereas this of his antagoniſt flouriſhes ſtill, and has maintain'd it's place upon the ſtage (in ſome ſhape or other) from it's very firſt appearance down to the preſent hour: and this ſucceſs it has merited, by true wit and true humour; a fable of very artful conſtruction, much buſineſs, and highly intereſting; and by natural and well-ſuſtain'd characters, which no pen but SHAKESPEARE's was capable of drawing: What defects it has, are chiefly in the diction; the ſame (indeed) with thoſe of the play that was laſt-mention'd, and to be accounted for the ſame way: for we are ſtrongly inclin'd to believe it a neighbour in time to "*Love's Labour's loſt*," though we want the proofs of it which we have luckily for that.[14]

But the plays which we have already ſpoke of are but ſlightly attack'd, and by few writers, in compariſon of this which we are now come to of "Titus Andronicus:" commentators, editors, every one (in ſhort) who has had to do with SHAKESPEARE, unite all in condemning it,—as a very bundle of horrors, totally unfit for the ſtage, and unlike the Poet's manner, and even the ſtyle of his other pieces; all which allegations are extreamly true, and we readily admit of them, but can not admit the concluſion—that, therefore, it is not his; and ſhall now proceed to give the reaſons of our diſſent, but (firſt) the play's age muſt be enquir'd into. In the Induction to JONSON's "Bartholmew *Fair*," which was written in the year 1614, the audience is thus accoſted:—"Hee

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[14] The authenticity of this play ſtands further confirm'd by the teſtimony of ſir *Aſton* COCKAYN; a writer who came near to SHAKESPEARE's time, and does expreſſly aſcribe it to him in an epig-

" that will ſweare, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the beſt " playes, yet, ſhall paſſe unexcepted at, heere, as a man " whoſe Judgement ſhewes it is conſtant, and hath ſtood " ſtill, theſe five and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though " it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and ſtay'd ignor- " ance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; " ſuch a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him." We have here the great *Ben* himſelf, joining this play with " Jeronimo, *or, the* Spaniſh *Tragedy*," and bearing expreſs teſtimony to the credit they were both in with the publick at the time they were written; but this is by the by; to aſcertain that time, was the chief reaſon for inſerting the quotation, and there we ſee it fix'd to twenty five or thirty years prior to this Induction: now it is not neceſſary, to ſuppoſe that JONSON ſpeaks in this place with exact preciſion; but allowing that he does, the firſt of theſe periods carries us back to 1589, a date not very repugnant to what is afterwards advanc'd: LANGBAINE, in his "*Account of the* Engliſh *dramatick Poets*," under the article—SHAKESPEARE, does expreſly tell us,—that "*Andronicus* was firſt printed in " 1594, quarto, and acted by the Earls of *Derby*, *Pembroke*, and *Eſſex*, their Servants;" and though the edition is not now to be met with, and he who mentions it be no exact writer, nor greatly to be rely'd on in many of his articles, yet in this which we have quoted he is ſo very particular that one can hardly withhold aſſ-

NOTE.

ram addreſs'd to Mr. *Clement* FISHER of *Wincot*; but it is (perhaps) ſuperfluous, and of but little weight neither, as it will be ſaid—that ſir *Aſton* proceeds only upon the evidence of it's being in print in his ent to it; eſpecially, as this account of it's printing coincides well enough with JONSON's æra of writing this play; to which therefore we ſubſcribe, and go on upon that ground. The books of that time afford ſtrange examples of the barbariſm of the publick taſte both upon the ſtage and elſewhere: a conceited one of *John* LILLY's ſet a nation a madding; and, for a while, every pretender to politeneſs "parl'd Euphuiſm," as it was phras'd, and no writings would go down with them but ſuch as were pen'd in that fantaſtical manner: the ſetter-up of this faſhion try'd it alſo in comedy; but ſeems to have miſcarry'd in that, and for this plain reason: the people who govern theatres are, the middle and lower orders of the world; and these expected laughter in comedies, which this ſtuff of LILLY's was incapable of exciting: But ſome other writers, who rose exactly at that time, ſucceeded better in certain tragical performances, though as outragious to the full in their way, and as remote from nature, as theſe comick ones of LILLY's: for falling in with that innate love of blood which has been often objected to *Britiſh* audiences, and chooſing fables of horror which they made horrider ſtill by their manner of handling them, they produc'd a ſet of monſters that are not to be parallel'd in all the annals of play-writing; yet they were receiv'd with applause, and were the favourites of the publick for almoſt ten years together ending at 1595: Many plays of this

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NOTE.

name: we do therefore lay no great ſtreſs upon it, nor ſhall inſert the epigram here; it will be found in "*The School of* SHAKESPEARE," which is the proper place for things of that ſort.

ſtamp, it is probable, have periſh'd; but those that are come down to us, are as follows;—"*The Wars of* Cyrus; Tamburlaine *the great, in two parts*; *The* Spaniſh *Tragedy, likewise in two parts*; Soliman *and* Perſeda; *and* Selimus *a tragedy*;"[15] which whoever has means of coming at, and can have the patience to examine, will ſee evident tokens of a faſhion then prevailing, which occasion'd all these plays to be caſt in the ſame mold. Now SHAKESPEARE, whatever motives he might have in ſome other parts of it, at this period of his life wrote certainly for profit; and ſeeing it was to be had in this way, (and in this way only, perhaps) he fell in with the current, and gave his ſorry auditors a piece to their tooth in this conteſted play of "Titus Andronicus;" which as it came out at the ſame time with the plays above-mention'd, is moſt exactly like them in almoſt every particular; their very numbers, conſiſting all of ten ſyllables with hardly any redundant, are copy'd by this *Proteus*, who could put on any ſhape that either ſerv'd his intereſt or ſuited his inclination: and this, we hope, is a fair and unforc'd way of accounting for "Andronicus;" and may convince the moſt prejudic'd— that SHAKESPEARE might be the writer of it; as he might alſo of "Locrine" which is aſcrib'd to him, a ninth tragedy, in form and time agreeing perfectly with the others. But to conclude

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NOTE.

[15] No evidence has occur'd to prove exactly the time these plays were written, except that paſſage of JONSON's which relates to "Jeronimo;" but the editions we have read them in, are as follows: "Tamburlaine" in 1593; "Selimus," and "*the Wars of* Cyrus," in 1594; and "Soliman *and* Perſeda" in 1599; the other without a date, but as early as the earlieſt: They are alſo without name of au-

this article,—However he may be cenſur'd, as raſh or ill-judging, the editor ventures to declare—that he himſelf wanted not the conviction of the foregoing argument to be ſatiſfy'd who the play belongs to; for though a work of imitation, and conforming itſelf to models truly execrable throughout, yet the genius of it's Author breaks forth in ſome places, and, to the editor's eye, SHAKESPEARE ſtands confeſſ'd: the third act in particular may be read with admiration even by the moſt delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themſelves touch'd by it with ſuch paſſions as tragedy ſhould excite, that is—terror, and pity. The reader will please to observe—that all these conteſted plays are in the folio, which is dedicated to the Poet's patrons and friends, the earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, by editors who are ſeemingly honeſt men, and profeſs themſelves dependant upon those noblemen; to whom therefore they would hardly have had the confidence to present forgeries, and pieces ſuppoſititious; in which too they were liable to be detected by those identical noble perſons themſelves, as well as by a very great part of their other readers and auditors: which argument, though of no little ſtrength in itſelf, we omitted to bring before, as having better (as we thought) and more forcible to offer; but it had behov'd those gentlemen who

NOTE.

thor; nor has any book been met with to inſtruct us in that particular, except only for "Jeronimo;" which we are told by HEYWOOD, in his "*Apology for Actors*," was written by *Thomas* KYD; author, or tranſlator rather, (for it is taken from the *French* of *Robert* GARNIER) of another play, intitl'd—"Cornelia," printed likewise in 1594. Which of these extravagant plays had the honour to lead have queſtion'd the plays to have got rid of it in the firſt inſtance, as it lies full in their way in the very entrance upon this diſpute.

We ſhall close this part of the Introduction with ſome observations, that were reserv'd for this place, upon that paragraph of the player editors' preface which is quoted at *p.* 5; and then taking this further liberty with the reader,—to call back his attention to ſome particulars that concern the present edition, diſmiſs him, to be entertain'd (as we hope) by a ſort of appendix, conſiſting of those notes that have been mention'd, in which the true and undoubted originals of almoſt all the Poet's fables are clearly pointed out. But firſt of the preface. Beſides the authenticity of all the ſeveral pieces that make up this collection, and their care in publiſhing them, both ſolemnly affirm'd in the paragraph refer'd to, we there find these honeſt editors acknowledging in terms equally ſolemn the Author's right in his copies, and lamenting that he had not exercis'd that right by a publication of them during his life-time; and from the manner in which they expreſs themſelves, we are ſtrongly inclin'd to think—that he had really form'd ſuch a deſign, but towards his laſt days, and too late to put it in execution: a collection of JONSON'S was at that inſtant in the preſs, and upon the point of coming forth; which

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NOTE.

the way, we can't certainly tell, but "Jeronimo" ſeems to have the beſt pretenſions to it; as "Selimus" has above all his other brethren, to bearing away the palm for blood and murther: this curious piece has these lines for a conclusion;—

If this firſt part Gentles, do like you well,
The ſecond part, ſhall greater murthers tell.

might probably inſpire ſuch a thought into him and his companions, and produce conferences between them — about a ſimilar publication from him, and the pieces that ſhould compoſe it, which the Poet might make a liſt of. It is true, this is only a ſuppoſition; but a ſuppoſition ariſing naturally, as we think, from the incident that has been mention'd, and the expreſſions of his fellow players and editors: and, if ſuffer'd to paſs for truth, here is a good and ſound reaſon for the excluſion of all thoſe other plays that have been attributed to him upon ſome grounds or other; — he himſelf has proſcrib'd them; and we cannot forbear hoping, that they will in no future time riſe up againſt him, and be thruſt into his works: A diſavowal of weak and idle pieces, the productions of green years, wantonneſs, or inattention, is a right that all authors are veſted with; and ſhould be exerted by all, if their reputations are dear to them; had JONSON us'd it, his character had ſtood higher than it does: But, after all, they who have pay'd attention to this truth are not always ſecure; the indiſcreet zeal of an admirer, or avarice of a publiſher, has frequently added things that diſhonour them; and where realities have been wanting, forgeries ſupply the place; thus has HOMER his "*Hymns*," and the poor *Mantuan* his "Ciris" and his "Culex." Noble and great

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NOTE.

but whether the audience had enough of it, or how it has happen'd we can't tell, but no ſuch ſecond part is to be found. All theſe plays were the conſtant but of the poets who came immediately after them, and of SHAKESPEARE amongſt the reſt; and by their ridicule the town at laſt was made ſenſible of their ill judgment, and the theatre was purg'd of theſe monſters.

authors demand all our veneration: where their wills can be diſcover'd, they ought ſacredly to be comply'd with; and that editor ill diſcharges his duty, who preſumes to load them with things they have renounc'd: It happens but too often, that we have other ways to ſhew our regard to them; their own great want of care in their copies, and the ſtill greater want of it that is commonly in their impreſſions, will find ſufficient exerciſe for any one's friendſhip, who may wiſh to ſee their works ſet forth in that perfection which was intended by the author. And this friendſhip we have endeavour'd to ſhew to SHAKESPEARE in the preſent edition: The plan of it has been lay'd before the reader; upon whom it reſts to judge finally of it's goodneſs, as well as how it is executed: but as ſeveral matters have interven'd, that may have driven it from his memory; and we are deſirous above all things to leave a ſtrong impreſſion upon him of one merit which it may certainly pretend to, that is—it's fidelity; we ſhall take leave to remind him, at parting, that—Throughout all this work, what is added without the authority of ſome ancient edition, is printed in a black letter: what alter'd, and what thrown out, conſtantly taken notice of; ſome few times in a note, where the matter was long, or of a complex nature;[16] but, more generally, at the bottom of the page; where what is put out of the text, how minute and inſignificant ſoever, is always to be met with; what alt-

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NOTE.

[16] The particulars that could not well be pointed out below, according to the general method, or otherwiſe than by a note, are of three ſorts;—omiſſions, any thing large; tranſpoſitions; and ſuch differences of punctuation as produce great changes in the ſenſe of a

er'd, as conſtantly ſet down, and in the proper words of that edition upon which the alteration is form'd: And, even in authoriz'd readings, whoever is deſirous of knowing further, what edition is follow'd preferably to the others, may be gratify'd too in that, by conſulting the Various Readings; which are now finiſh'd; and will be publiſh'd, together with the Notes, in ſome other volumes, with all the ſpeed that is convenient.

NOTE.

paſſage: inſtances of the firſt, occur in "*Love's Labour's loſt*," *p.* 54, and in "Troilus *and* Creſſida," *p.* 109 and 117; of the ſecond, in "*The Comedy of Errors*," *p.* 62, and in "Richard III," *p.* 92, and 102; and "*The Tempeſt*," *p.* 69, and "*King* Lear," *p.* 53, afford inſtances of the laſt; as may be ſeen by looking into any modern edition, where all thoſe paſſages ſtand nearly as in the old ones.

Origin of Shakespeare'*s Fables.*

All's well, that ends well.

The fable of this play is taken from a novel, of which Boccace is the original author; in whoſe "*Decameron*" it may be ſeen at *p.* 97.[b] of the *Giunti* edition, reprinted at *London*. But it is more than probable, that Shakespeare read it in a book, call'd—"*The Palace of Pleaſure*:" which is a collection of novels, tranſlated from other authors, made by one *William* Painter, and by him firſt publiſh'd in the years 1565 and 67, in two tomes, quarto; the novel now ſpoken of, is the thirty-eighth of tome the firſt. This novel is a meagre tranſlation, not (perhaps) immediately from BOCCACE, but from a *French* tranſlator of him: as the original is in every body's hands, it may there be ſeen—that nothing is taken from it by SHAKESPEARE, but ſome leading incidents of the ſerious part of his play.

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

This play, together with "Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, *and ſome part of* Timon *of* Athens," are form'd upon "Plutarch's *Lives*," in the articles—*Coriolanus, Brutus, Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony:* Of which Lives there is a *French* tranſlation, of great fame, made by AMIOT, biſhop of *Auxerre* and great almoner of *France*; which, ſome few years after it's firſt appearance, was put into an *Engliſh* dreſs by our countryman ſir *Thomas* NORTH, and publiſh'd in the year 1579, in folio. As the language of this tranſlation is pretty good, for the time; and the ſentiments, which are PLUTARCH's, breath the genuine ſpirit of the ſeveral hiſtorical perſonages; SHAKESPEARE has, with much judgment, introduc'd no ſmall number of ſpeeches into these plays, in the very words of that tranſlator, turning them into verſe: which he has ſo well wrought up, and incorporated with his plays, that, what he has introduc'd, cannot be diſcover'd by any reader, 'till it is pointed out for him.

As you like it.

A novel, or (rather) paſtoral romance, intitl'd—"Euphues' *golden Legacy,*" written in a very fantaſtical ſtyle by Dr. *Thomas* Lodge, and by him firſt publiſh'd in the year 1590, in quarto, is the foundation of "*As you like it:*" Beſides the fable, which is pretty exactly follow'd, the out-lines of certain principal characters may be obſerv'd in the novel; and ſome expreſſions of the noveliſt (few, indeed, and of no great moment) ſeem to have taken poſſeſſion of Shakespeare's memory, and from thence crept into his play.

Comedy of Errors.

Of this play, the "Menæchmi" of Plautus is moſt certainly the original: yet the Poet went not to the *Latin* for it; but took up with an *Engliſh* "Menæchmi," put out by one *W. W.* in 1595, quarto. This tranſlation,—in which the writer profeſſes to have us'd ſome liberties, which he has diſtinguiſh'd by a particular mark,—is in proſe, and a very good one for the time: it furniſh'd Shakespeare with nothing but his principal incident; as you may in part ſee by the tranſlator's argument, which is in verſe, and runs thus.

Two Twinborne ſonnes, a Sicill *marchant had,*
Menechmus *one, and* Soſicles *the other;*
The firſt his Father loſt a litle Lad,
The Grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to ſeeke,
His Brother, and to Epidamnum *came,*
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
That Citizens there take him for the ſame:
Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
Much pleaſant error, ere they meete togither.

It is probable, that the laſt of theſe verſes ſuggeſted the title of SHAKESPEARE's play.

Cymbeline.

BOCCACE's ſtory of *Bernabo da Ambrogivolo* (Day 2. Nov. 9.) is generally ſuppos'd to have furniſh'd SHAKESPEARE with the fable of "Cymbeline:" But the embracers of this opinion ſeem not to have been aware, that many of that author's novels (tranſlated, or imitated) are to be found in *Engliſh* books, prior to, or contemporary with, SHAKESPEARE: and of this novel in particular, there is an imitation extant in a ſtory-book of that time, intitl'd—"*Weſtward for Smelts*;" it is the ſecond tale in the book: the ſcene, and the actors of it, are different from BOCCACE, as SHAKESPEARE's are from both; but the main of the ſtory is the ſame in all. We may venture to pronounce it a book of those times, and that early enough to have been us'd by SHAKESPEARE, as I am perſuaded it was; though the copy that I have of it, is no older than 1620; it is a quarto pamphlet of only five ſheets and a half, printed in a black letter: ſome reasons for my opinion are given in another place; (v. "*Winter's Tale*") though perhaps they are not neceſſary, as it may one day better be made appear a true one, by the diſcovery of ſome more ancient edition.

Hamlet.

About the middle of the ſixteenth century, *Francis de* BELLEFOREST, a *French* gentleman, entertain'd his countrymen with a collection of novels, which he intitles

—"*Hiſtoires tragiques*;" they are in part originals, part tranſlations, and chiefly from BANDELLO: He began to publiſh them in the year 1564; and continu'd his publication ſucceſſively in ſeveral tomes, how many I know not; the dedication to his fifth tome is dated ſix years after. In that tome, the *troiſieme Hiſtoire* has this title;—"*Avec quelle ruſe Amleth, qui depuis fut roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de ſon pere Horvuendille, occis par Fengon ſon frere, & autre occurrence de ſon hiſtoire.*" PAINTER, who has been mention'd before, compil'd his—"*Palace of Pleaſure*" almoſt entirely from BELLEFOREST, taking here and there a novel as pleas'd him, but he did not tranſlate the whole: other novels, it is probable, were tranſlated by different people, and publiſh'd ſingly; this, at leaſt, that we are ſpeaking of, was ſo, and is intitl'd —"*The Hyſtorie of* Hamblet;" it is in quarto, and black letter: There can be no doubt made, by perſons who are acquainted with these things, that the tranſlation is not much younger than the *French* original; though the only edition of it, that is yet come to my knowledge, is no earlier than 1608: that SHAKESPEARE took his play from it, there can likewise be very little doubt.

1 Henry IV.

In the eleven plays that follow,—" Macbeth, *King* John, Richard II, Henry IV 2 *parts*, Henry V, Henry VI 3 *parts*, Richard III, *and* Henry VIII,—the hiſtorians of that time, HALL, HOLINSHED, STOW, and others, (and, in particular, HOLINSHED) are pretty cloſely follow'd; and that not only for their matter, but even ſometimes in their expreſſions: The harangue of the archbiſhop of *Canterbury* in "Henry V," that of queen *Catharine* in "Henry VIII" at her trial, and the king's reply to it, are taken from thoſe chroniclers, and put into verſe: other leſſer matters are borrow'd from them; and ſo largely ſcatter'd up and down in theſe plays, that whoever would rightly judge of the Poet, muſt acquaint himſelf with thoſe authors, and his character will not ſuffer in the enquiry.

"Richard III" was preceded by other plays written upon the ſame ſubject; concerning which, ſee the concluſion of a note in this Introduction, at *p.* 8. And as to "Henry V,"—it may not be improper to obſerve in this place, that there is extant another old play, call'd —"*The famous Victories of* Henry *the fifth,*" printed in 1617, quarto; perhaps by ſome tricking bookſeller, who meant to impoſe it upon the world for SHAKESPEARE's, who dy'd the year before. This play—which opens with that prince's wildneſs and robberies before he came to the crown, and ſo comprehends ſomething of the ſtory of both parts of "Henry IV," as well as of "Henry V,"—is a very medley of nonſenſe and ribaldry; and, it is my firm belief, was prior to SHAKESPEARE's "Henries;" and the identical "diſpleaſing play" mention'd in the epilogue to "2 Henry IV;" for that ſuch a play ſhould be written after his, or receiv'd upon any ſtage, has no face of probability. There is a character in it, call'd—ſir *John Oldcaſtle*; who holds there the place of ſir *John Falſtaff*, but his very antipodes in every other particular, for it is all dulneſs: and it is to this character that SHAKESPEARE alludes, in thoſe much-diſputed paſſages; one in his "1 Henry IV," *p.* 8, and the other in the epilogue to his ſecond part; where the words "for

Oldcaſtle dy'd a martyr" hint at this miſerable performance, and it's fate, which was—damnation.

King Lear.

Lear's diſtreſſful ſtory has been often told in poems, ballads, and chronicles: But to none of theſe are we indebted for SHAKESPEARE'S "Lear;" but to a ſilly old play which made it's firſt appearance in 1605, the title of which is as follows:—The | True Chronicle Hi- | ſtory of King LEIR, and his three | *daughters, Gonorill, Ragan,* | *and Cordella.* | As it hath bene divers and ſundry | times lately acted. | LONDON, | Printed by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at | Chriſtes Church dore, next Newgate- | Market. 1605. (4°. I. 4^b.)—As it is a great curioſity, and very ſcarce, the title is here inſerted at large: and, for the ſame reaſon, and alſo to ſhew the uſe that SHAKESPEARE made of it, ſome extracts ſhall now be added.

The author of this "LEIR" has kept him cloſe to the chronicles; for he ends his play with the re-inſtating king *Leir* in his throne, by the aid of *Cordella* and her husband. But take the entire fable in his own words. Towards the end of the play, at ſignature H 3, you find *Leir* in *France:* upon whoſe coaſt he and his friend *Perillus* are landed in ſo neceſſitous a condition, that, having nothing to pay their paſſage, the mariners take their cloaks, leaving them their jerkins in exchange: Thus attir'd, they go up further into the country; and there, when they are at the point to periſh by famine, inſomuch that *Perillus* offers *Leir* his arm to feed upon, they light upon *Gallia* and his queen, whom the author has brought down thitherward, in progreſs, diſguis'd. Their diſcourſe is overheard by *Cordella*, who immediately knows them; but, at her husband's perſuasion, forbears to diſcover herſelf a while, relieves them with food, and then aſks their ſtory; which *Leir* gives her in these words:

Leir. Then know this firſt, I am a Brittayne borne,
And had three daughters by one loving wife:
And though I ſay it, of beauty they were ſped;
Eſpecially the youngeſt of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On these I doted with a jelous love,
And thought to try which of them lov'd me beſt,
By aſking of them, which would do moſt for me?
The firſt and ſecond flattred me with words,
And vowd they lov'd me better then their lives:
The youngeſt ſayd, ſhe loved me as a child
Might do: her anſwere I eſteem'd moſt vild,
And preſently in an outragious mood,
I turnd her from me to go ſinke or ſwym:
And all I had, even to the very clothes,
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And ſhe that beſt deſerv'd the greateſt ſhare,
I gave her nothing, but diſgrace and care.
Now mark the ſequell: When I had done thus,
I ſoiournd in my eldeſt daughters houſe,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liv'd in ſtate ſufficing my content:
But every day her kindneſſe did grow cold,
Which I with patience put up well ynough
And ſeemed not to ſee the things I ſaw:
But at the laſt ſhe grew ſo far incenſt

With moody fury, and with cauſeleſſe hate;
That in moſt vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour ſome where elſe.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Unto my other daughter for reliefe,
Who gave me pleaſing and moſt courteous words;
But in her actions ſhewed her ſelfe ſo ſore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,
Poynting that there ſhe would come talke with me:
There ſhe had ſet a ſhaghayrd murdring wretch,
To maſſacre my honeſt friend and me.

+ + + + + + + +

And now I am conſtraind to ſeeke reliefe
Of her to whom I have bin ſo unkind;
Whoſe cenſure, if it do award me death,
I muſt confeſſe ſhe payes me but my due:
But if ſhe ſhew a loving daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my deſert.
Cor. No doubt ſhe will, I dare be ſworne ſhe will.

Thereupon enſues her diſcovery; and, with it, a circumſtance of ſome beauty, which SHAKESPEARE has borrow'd,—(v. "Lear," *p.* 100, *l.* 25.) their kneeling to each other, and mutually contending which ſhould aſk forgiveneſs. The next page presents us *Gallia*, and *Mumford* who commands under him, marching to embarque their forces, to re-inſtate *Leir*; and the next, a ſea-port in *Britain*, and officers ſetting a watch, who are to fire a beacon to give notice if any ſhips approach, in which there is ſome low humour that is paſſable enough. *Gallia* and his forces arrive, and take the town by ſurprize:

immediately upon which, they are encounter'd by the forces of the two elder ſiſters, and their husbands: a battle enſues; *Leir* conquers; he and his friends enter victorious, and the play closes thus:—

Thanks (worthy Mumford) to thee laſt of all,
Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall;
No, thou haſt Lion-like layd on to-day,
Chaſing the Cornwall King and Cambria;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I ſay?
To ſave their lives, the fugitives did play.
Come, ſonne and daughter, who did me advance,
Repoſe with me awhile, and then for *Fraunce*. [*Exeunt*.

Such is the *Leir*, now before us. Who the author of it ſhould be, I cannot ſurmise; for neither in manner nor ſtyle has it the leaſt resemblance to any of the other tragedies of that time: moſt of them rise now and then, and are poetical; but this creeps in one dull tenour, from beginning to end, after the ſpecimen here inſerted: it ſhould ſeem he was a latiniſt, by the tranſlation following;

Feare not, my Lord, the perfit good indeed,
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new freſh veſſell ſtill retaynes the taſte
Of that which firſt is powr'd into the ſame: (ſign. *H.*)

But, whoever he was, SHAKESPEARE has done him the honour to follow him in a ſtroke or two: One has been obſerv'd upon above; and the reader, who is acquainted with SHAKESPEARE's "Lear," will perceive another in the ſecond line of the concluding ſpeech: and here is a third; "Knoweſt thou theſe letters?" ſays *Leir* to *Ragan*, (ſign. *I.* 3^{b}.) ſhewing her hers and her ſiſter's letters commanding his death; upon which, ſhe ſnatches at the letters, and tears them: (v. "Lear," *p.* 111, *l.* 21

&c) Another, and that a moſt ſignal one upon one account, occurs at ſignature *C.* 3b;

"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:"

Perillus ſays this of *Leir*; comprizing therein his character, as drawn by this author: how oppoſite to that which SHAKESPEARE has given him, all know; and yet he has found means to put nearly the ſame words into the very mouth of his *Lear*,—

No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing. (*v. p.* 58, *l.* 31)

Laſtly, two of SHAKESPEARE's perſonages, *Kent*, and the ſteward, ſeem to owe their exiſtence to the above-mention'd "ſhag-hair'd wretch," and the *Perillus* of this "Leir."

The epiſode of *Gloſter* and his two ſons is taken from the "*Arcadia:*" in which romance there is a chapter thus intitl'd;—"*The pitifull ſtate, and ſtorie of the* Paphlagonian *unkinde King, and his kind ſonne, firſt related by the ſon, then by the blind father.*"(Arcadia. *p.* 142, Edit. 1590, 4°.) of which epiſode there are no traces in either chronicle, poem, or play, wherein this hiſtory is handl'd.

Love's Labour's loſt.

The fable of this play does not ſeem to be a work entirely of invention; and I am apt to believe, that it owes it's birth to ſome novel or other, which may one day be diſcover'd. The character of *Armado* has ſome reſemblance to don *Quixote*; but the play is older than that work of CERVANTES: Of *Holofernes*, another ſingular character, there are ſome faint traces in a maſque of ſir *Philip* SYDNEY's that was preſented before queen *Elizabeth* at *Wanſted:* this maſque, call'd in catalogues —*The Lady of May*, is at the end of that author's works, Edit. 1627, folio.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

In the year 1578, was publiſh'd in a black-letter quarto a miſerable dramatick performance, in two parts, intitl'd—"Promos *and* Caſſandra;" written by one *George* WHETSTONE, author likewiſe of the "Heptameron," and much other poetry of the ſame ſtamp, printed about that time. These plays their author, perhaps, might form upon a novel of CINTHIO's; (v. Dec. 8. Nov. 5.) which SHAKESPEARE went not to, but took up with WHETSTONE's fable, as is evident from the argument of it; which, though it be ſomewhat of the longeſt, yet take it in his own words.

"The Argument of the whole
Hiſtorye.

In the Cyttie of *Julio* (ſometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* Kinge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia)* there was a law, that what man ſo ever commited Adultery, should loſe his head, & the woman offender, should weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſlye noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome mercifull magiſtrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Siſter, named *Caſſandra: Caſſandra* to enlarge her brothers life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos: Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking unto unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her Brothers life: Chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſwaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) upon theſe conditions, she agreed to *Promos*. Firſt that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promiſſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe, ſygned her conditions: but worſe then any Infydel, his will ſatiſfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, unſpotted with favour, and to prevent Caſſandraes clamors, he commaunded the Gayler ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the providence of God, provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was ſet at libertie) was ſo agreeved at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her ſelfe, she ſpared that ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devyſing a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this reſolution) was ſo highly favoured of the King, that forthwith he haſted to do Juſtice on *Promos:* whoſe iudgement was, to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repaire her craſed Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he ſhould loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale, before her ſpecial eaſe, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pardon. The Kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare Hiſtorye, in action livelye foloweth."

The play itſelf opens thus:—

"*Actus* 1. *Scena*. 1.

Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Swordebearer: One with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos man*.

You Officers which now in *Julio* ſtaye,
Knowe you our leadge, the King of *Hungarie:*
Sent me *Promos*, to ioyne with you in ſway:
That ſtyll we may to Juſtice have an eye.
And now to ſhow, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentivelie, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines chardge.
Phal. As you commaunde, I wyll: give heedefull eare.
Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*
Pro. Loe, here you ſee what is our Soveraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, beare ſwaye:
Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
To ſcoorge the wights, good Lawes that diſobay."

And thus it proceeds; without one word in it, that SHAKESPEARE could make uſe of, or can be read with patience by any man living: And yet, beſides the characters appearing in the argument, his Bawd, Clown, *Lucio*, *Juliet*, and the Provoſt, nay, and even his *Barnardine*, are created out of hints which this play gave him; and the lines too that are quoted, bad as they are, ſuggeſted to him the manner in which his own play opens.

Merchant of Venice.

The *Jew* of *Venice* was a ſtory exceedingly well-known in SHAKESPEARE's time; celebrated in ballads; and taken (perhaps) originally from an *Italian* book, intitl'd—"*Il Pecorone:*" the author of which calls himſelf,—*Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*; and writ his book, as he tells you in ſome humorous verſes at the beginning of it, in 1378, three years after the death of BOCCACE: it is divided into *giornata's*, and the ſtory we are ſpeaking of is in the firſt novel of the *giornata quarta*; Edit. 1565, octavo, *in Vinegia*. This novel SHAKESPEARE certainly read; either in the original, or (which I rather think) in ſome tranſlation that is not now to be met with, and form'd his play upon it. It was tranſlated anew, and made publick in 1755, in a ſmall octavo pamphlet, printed for *M. Cooper:* and, at the end of it, a novel of BOCCACE; (the firſt of day the tenth) which, as the tranſlator rightly judges, might poſſibly produce the ſcene of the caſkets, ſubſtituted by the Poet in place of one in the other novel, that was not proper for the ſtage.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

"Queen *Elizabeth*," ſays a writer of SHAKESPEARE's life, " was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable Character of *Falſtaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in Love. This is ſaid to be the Occaſion of his Writing the *Merry Wives of* Windſor." As there is no proof brought for the truth of this ſtory, we may conclude—that it is either ſome play-houſe tradition, or had it's riſe from ſir *William* DAVENANT, whoſe authority the writer quotes for another ſingular anecdote, relating to lord *Southampton*. Be this as it may; SHAKESPEARE, in the conduct of *Falſtaff*'s love-adventures, made uſe of ſome incidents in a book that has been mention'd before, call'd—" *Il Pecorone*;" they are in the ſecond novel of that book. It is highly probable, that this novel likewiſe is in an old *Engliſh* dreſs ſomewhere or other; and from thence tranſplanted into a fooliſh book, call'd—" *The fortunate, the deceiv'd, and the unfortunate Lovers*;" printed in 1685, octavo, for *William Whitwood*; where the reader may ſee it, at *p.* 1. Let me add too, that there is a like ſtory in the—" *Piacevoli Notti*," *di* STRAPAROLA, *libro primo*; at *Notte quarta*, *Favola quarta*; Edit. 1567, octavo, *in Vinegia*."

Midſummer Night's Dream.

The hiſtory of our old poets is ſo little known, and the firſt editions of their works become ſo very ſcarce, that it is hard pronouncing any thing certain about them: But, if that pretty fantaſtical poem of DRAYTON's, call'd—" Nymphidia, *or*, *The Court of Fairy*," be early enough in time, (as, I believe, it is; for I have ſeen an edition of that author's paſtorals, printed in 1593, quarto) it is not improbable, that SHAKESPEARE took from thence the hint of his fairies: a line of that poem, "Thorough buſh, thorough briar," occurs alſo in his play. The reſt of the play is, doubtleſs, invention: the names only of *Theſeus*, *Hippolita*, and *Theſeus'* former loves, *Antiopa* and others, being hiſtorical; and taken from the tranſlated *Plutarch*, in the article—*Theſeus*.

Much Ado about Nothing.

"Timbree de Cardōne deviēt amoureux á Meſſine de Fenicie Leonati, & des divers & eſtrāges accidens qui advindrēt avāt qu'il l'eſpouſaſt."—is the title of another novel in the "*Hiſtoires tragiques*" of BELLEFOREST; Tom. 3. Hiſt. 18: it is taken from one of BANDELLO's, which you may ſee in his firſt tome, at *p.* 150, of the *London* edition in quarto, a copy from that of *Lucca* in 1554. This *French* novel comes the neareſt to the fable of "*Much Ado about Nothing*," of any thing that has yet been diſcover'd, and is (perhaps) the foundation of it. There is a ſtory ſomething like it in the fifth book of "*Orlando furioſo*:" (v. ſir *John* HARRINGTON's tranſlation of it, Edit. 1591, folio) and another in SPENCER's "*Fairy Queen*."

Othello.

CINTHIO, the beſt of the *Italian* writers next to BOCCACE, has a novel thus intitl'd:—"Un Capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina venetiana, un ſuo Alfieri l'accuſa di adulterio al [*read*, il, *with a colon after*—adulterio] Marito, cerca, che l'Alfieri uccida colui, ch'egli credea l'Adultero, il Capitano uccide la Moglie, è accuſato dallo Alfieri, non confeſſa il Moro, ma eſſendovi chiari inditii, è bandito, Et lo ſcelerato Alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia à ſè la morte miſeramente." Hecatommithi, Dec. 3, Nov. 7; Edit. 1565, 2 tomes, octavo. If there was no tranſlation of this novel, *French* or *Engliſh*; nor any thing built upon it, either in proſe or verſe, near enough in time for SHAKESPEARE to take his "Othello" from them; we muſt, I think, conclude —that he had it from the *Italian*; for the ſtory (at leaſt, in all it's main circumſtances) is apparently the ſame.

Romeo *and* Juliet.

This very affecting ſtory is likewiſe a true one; it made a great noiſe at the time it happen'd, and was ſoon taken up by poets and novel-writers. BANDELLO has one; it is the ninth of tome the ſecond: and there is another, and much better, left us by ſome anonymous writer; of which I have an edition, printed in 1553 at *Venice*, one year before BANDELLO, which yet was not the firſt. Some ſmall time after, *Pierre* BOISTEAU, a *French* writer, put out one upon the ſame ſubject, taken from theſe *Italians*, but much alter'd and enlarg'd: this novel, together with five others of BOISTEAU's penning, BELLEFOREST took; and they now ſtand at the beginning of his "*Hiſtoires tragiques*," edition beforemention'd. But it had ſome prior edition; which falling into the hands of a countryman of ours, he converted it into a poem; altering, and adding many things to it of his own, and publiſh'd it in 1562, without a name, in a ſmall octavo volume, printed by *Richard Tottill*; and this poem, which is call'd—"*The Tragicall Hiſtorie of* Romeus *and* Juliet," is the origin of SHAKESPEARE's play: who not only follows it even minutely in the conduct of his fable, and that in those places where it differs from the other writers; but has alſo borrow'd from it ſome few thoughts, and expreſſions. At the end of a ſmall poetical miſcellany, publiſh'd by one *George* TURBERVILLE in 1570, there is a poem—"on the death of Maiſter *Arthur* BROOKE drownde in paſſing to *New-haven*;" in which it appears, that this gentleman, (who, it is likely, was a military man) was the writer of "Romeus *and* Juliet." In the ſecond tome of "*The Palace of Pleasure*," (Nov. 25.) there is a proſe tranſlation of BOISTEAU's novel; but SHAKESPEARE made no uſe of it.

Taming of the Shrew.

Nothing has yet been produc'd that is likely to have given the Poet occaſion for writing this play, neither has it (in truth) the air of a novel, ſo that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it a work of invention; that part of it, I mean, which gives it it's title. For one of it's underwalks, or plots,—to wit, the ſtory of *Lucentio*, in almoſt all it's branches, (his love-affair, and the artificial conduct of it; the pleaſant incident of the Pedant; and the characters of *Vincentio*, *Tranio*, *Gremio*, and *Biondello*) is form'd upon a comedy of *George* GASCOIGNE's, call'd—"*Supposes*," a tranſlation from ARIOSTO's "*I Suppoſiti*:" which comedy was acted by the gentlemen of *Grey's*-Inn in 1566; and may be ſeen in the tranſlator's works, of which there are ſeveral old editions: And the odd induction of this play is taken from GOULART's "*Hiſt-*

oires admirables de notre Temps;" who relates it as a real fact, practiſ'd upon a mean artisan at *Bruſſels* by *Philip* the good, duke of *Burgundy*. GOULART was tranſlated into *Engliſh*, by one *Edw.* GRIMESTON: the edition I have of it, was printed in 1607, quarto, by *George Eld*; where this ſtory may be found, at *p.* 587: but, for any thing that there appears to the contrary, the book might have been printed before.

Tempeſt.

"*The Tempeſt*" has rather more of the novel in it than the play that was laſt ſpoken of: but no one has yet pretended to have met with ſuch a novel; nor any thing elſe, that can be ſuppos'd to have furniſh'd SHAKESPEARE with materials for writing this play: the fable of which muſt therefore paſs for entirely his own production, 'till the contrary can be made appear by any future diſcovery. One of the Poet's editors, after obſerving that—the perſons of the drama are all *Italians*; and the unities all regularly obſerv'd in it, a cuſtom likewiſe of the *Italians*; concludes his note with the mention of two of their plays,—"*Il Negromante*" *di L.* ARIOSTO, and "*Il Negromante Palliato*" *di Gio. Angelo* PETRUCCI; one or other of which, he ſeems to think, may have given riſe to "*The Tempeſt*:" but he is miſtaken in both of them; and the laſt muſt needs be out of the queſtion, being later than SHAKESPEARE's time.

Titus Andronicus.

An old ballad, whose date and time of writing cannot be aſcertain'd, is the ground-work of "Titus Andronicus;" the names of the perſons acting, and almoſt every incident of the play are there in miniature: it is, indeed, ſo like,—that one might be tempted to ſuſpect, that the ballad was form'd upon the play, and not that upon the ballad; were it not ſufficiently known, that almoſt all the compositions of that ſort are prior to even the infancy of SHAKESPEARE.

Troilus *and* Creſſida.

The loves of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* are celebrated by CHAUCER; whose poem might, perhaps, induce SHAKESPEARE to work them up into a play. The other matters of that play, (hiſtorical, or fabulous, call them which you will) he had out of an ancient book, written and printed firſt by CAXTON, call'd—"*The Deſtruction of* Troy," in three parts: in the third part of it, are many ſtrange particulars, occurring no where elſe, which SHAKESPEARE has admitted into his play.

Twelfth-Night.

Another of BELLEFOREST'S novels is thus intitl'd:—"Comme une fille Romaine ſe veſtant en page ſervit long temps un ſien amy ſans eſtre cogneue, & depuis l' eut a mary avec autres divers diſcours." *Hiſtoires tragiques*; Tom. 4, Hiſt. 7. This novel, which is itſelf taken from one of BANDELLO'S (v. Tom. 2, Nov. 36) is, to all appearance, the foundation of the ſerious part of "*Twelfth-Night*:" and muſt be ſo accounted; 'till ſome *Engliſh* novel appears, built (perhaps) upon that *French* one, but approaching nearer to SHAKESPEARE's comedy.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Julia's love-adventures being in ſome reſpects the ſame with those of *Viola* in "*Twelfth-Night*," the ſame novel might give riſe to them both; and *Valentine*'s falling amongſt out-laws, and becoming their captain, is an incident that has ſome resemblance to one in the "Arcadia," (Book 1, Chap. 6.) where *Pyrocles* heads the *Helots*: all the other circumſtances which conſtitute the fable of this play, are, probably, of the Poet's own invention.

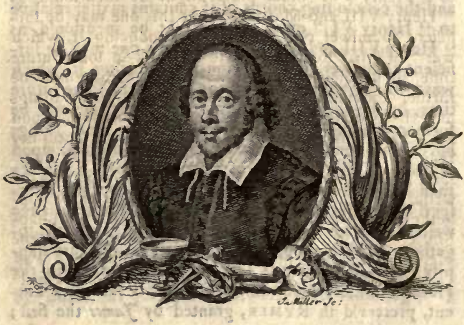
Winter's Tale.

To the ſtory-book, or, "*Pleaſant Hiſtory* (as it is call'd) *of* Doraſtus *and* Fawnia," written by *Robert* GREENE, *M. A.* we are indebted for SHAKESPEARE's "*Winter's Tale.*" GREENE join'd with Dr. LODGE in writing a play, call'd — "*A Looking-glaſs for* London *and* England," printed in 1598, in quarto, and black letter; and many of his other works, which are very numerous, were publiſh'd about that time, and this amongſt the reſt: it went through many impreſſions, all of the ſame form and letter as the play; and that ſo low down as the year 1664, of which year I have a copy. Upon this occasion, I ſhall venture to pronounce an opinion, that has been reserv'd for this place, (though other plays too were concern'd in it, as "Hamlet," and "Cymbeline") which if it be found true, as I believe it will, may be of uſe to ſettle many diſputed points in literary chronology. My opinion is this:—That almoſt all books, of the gothick or black character, printed any thing late in the ſeventeenth century, are in truth only re-impreſſions; they having paſſ'd the preſs before in the preceding century, or (at leaſt) very ſoon after. For the character began then to be difus'd in the printing of new books: but the types remaining, the owners of them found a convenience in using them for books that had been before printed in them; and to this convenience of theirs are owing all or moſt of those impreſſions poſterior to 1600. It is left to the reader's ſagacity, to apply this remark to the book in the present article; and to those he finds mention'd before, in the articles—"Hamlet, and Cymbeline."

Such are the materials, out of which this great Poet has rais'd a ſtructure, which no time ſhall efface, nor any envy be ſtrong enough to leſſen the admiration that is ſo juſtly due to it; which if it was great before, cannot fail to receive encreaſe with the judicious, when the account that has been now given them is reflected upon duly: other originals have, indeed, been pretended; and much extraordinary criticism has, at different times, and by different people, been ſpun out of those conceits; but, except ſome few articles in which the writer profeſſes openly his ignorance of the ſources they are drawn from, and ſome others in which he delivers himſelf doubtfully, what is ſaid in the preceding leaves concerning these fables may with all certainty be rely'd upon.

How much is it to be wiſh'd, that ſomething equally certain, and indeed worthy to be intitl'd—a Life of SHAKESPEARE, could accompany this relation, and compleat the tale of those pieces which the publick is apt to expect before new editions? But that nothing of this ſort is at preſent in being, may be ſaid without breach of candour, as we think, or ſuſpicion of over much niceneſs: an imperfect and looſe account of his father, and family; his own marriage, and the iſſue of it; ſome traditional ſtories,—many of them trifling in themſelves, ſupported by ſmall authority, and ſeemingly ill-grounded; together with his life's final period as gather'd from his monument, is the full and whole amount of hiſtorical matter that is in any of theſe writings; in which the critick and eſſayiſt ſwallow up the biographer, who yet ought to take the lead in them. The truth is, the occurrences of this moſt intereſting life (we mean, the private ones) are irrecoverably loſt to us; the friendly office of regiſtring them was overlook'd by thoſe who alone had it in their power, and our enquiries about them now muſt prove vain and thrown away. But there is another ſort of them that is not quite ſo hopeleſs; which beſides affording us the proſpect of ſome good iſſue to our endeavours, do alſo invite us to them by the promiſe of a much better reward for them: the knowledge of his private life had done little more than gratify our curioſity, but his publick one as a writer would have conſequences more important; a diſcovery there would throw a new light upon many of his pieces; and, where raſhneſs only is ſhew'd in the opinions that are now current about them, a judgment might then be form'd, which perhaps would do credit to the giver of it. When he commenc'd a writer for the ſtage, and in which play; what the order of the reſt of them, and (if that be diſcoverable) what the occaſion; and, laſtly, for which of the numerous theatres that were then ſubſiſting they were ſeverally written at firſt,—are the particulars that ſhould chiefly engage the attention of a writer of SHAKESPEARE's Life, and be the principal ſubjects of his enquiry: To aſſiſt him in which, the firſt impreſſions of theſe plays will do ſomething, and their title-pages at large, which, upon that account, we mean to give in another work that will accompany the "*School of* SHAKESPEARE;" and ſomething the "*School*" itſelf will afford, that may contribute to the ſame ſervice: but the corner-ſtone of all, muſt be—the works of the Poet himſelf, from which much may be extracted by a heedful peruſer of them; and, for the ſake of ſuch a peruſer, and by way of putting him into the train when the plays are before him, we ſhall inſtance in one of them;—the time in which "Henry V" was written, is determin'd almoſt preciſely by a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth act, and the concluding chorus of it contains matter relative to "Henry VI:" other plays might be mention'd, as "Henry VIII and Macbeth;" but this one may be ſufficient to anſwer our intention in producing it, which was—to ſpirit ſome one up to this taſk in ſome future time, by ſhewing the poſſibility of it; which he may be further convinc'd of, if he reflects what great things have been done, by criticks amongſt ourſelves, upon ſubjects of this ſort, and of a more remov'd antiquity than he is concern'd in. A Life thus conſtructed, interſperſ'd with ſuch anecdotes of common notoriety as the writer's judgment ſhall tell him—are worth regard; together with ſome memorials of this Poet that are happily come down to us; ſuch as, an Inſtrument in the Heralds' Office, confirming arms to his father; a Patent, preſerv'd in RYMER, granted by *James* the firſt;

his laſt Will and Teſtament, extant now at Doctors-Commons; his *Stratford* Monument, and a monument of his daughter which is ſaid to be there alſo;—ſuch a Life would riſe quickly into a volume; eſpecially, with the addition of one proper and even neceſſary epiſode—a brief hiſtory of our Drama, from it's origin down to the Poet's death: even the ſtage he appear'd upon, it's form, dreſſings, actors ſhould be enquir'd into, as every one of thoſe circumſtances had ſome conſiderable effect upon what he compos'd for it: The ſubject is certainly a good one, and will fall (we hope) ere it be long into the hands of ſome good writer; by whoſe abilities this great want may at length be made up to us, and the world of letters enrich'd by the happy acquiſition of a maſterly "*Life of* SHAKESPEARE."



Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.

Spectator, this life's ſhadow is;—to ſee
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but obſerve his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick ſtrain,
Then weep: So,—when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions, from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonaers could)
Rare Shakeſpeare *to the life thou doſt behold.*

To the Reader.

This figure, that thou here ſee'ſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare *cut;*
Wherein the graver had a ſtrife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in braſs, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then ſurpaſs
All, that was ever writ in braſs:
But, ſince he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book. B. J.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakeſpeare, *on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For ſeelieſt ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raise:
These are as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our ſtage,
My Shakeſpeare, *rise! I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spencer; *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;

And tell—how far thou didſt our Lilly *outſhine,*
Or ſporting Kyd, *or* Marlow's *mighty line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, *and leſs* Greek,—
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thundring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles, *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead;*
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all ſcenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muſes ſtill were in their prime,
When like Apollo *he came forth to warm*
Our ears, or like a Mercury *to charm.*
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated and deſerted lye,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, *muſt enjoy a part:*—
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat

Upon the Muſes' anvil; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And ſuch wert thou:—Look, how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue; even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpeare's *mind, and manners, brightly ſhines*
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of Avon, *what a ſight it were,—*
To ſee thee in our waters yet appear;
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* James!
But ſtay; I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there:—
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping ſtage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but by thy volume's light!

Ben. Jonſon.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous ſcenick Poet, maſter *William* SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you ſo clapt, go new and wring,
You Britains *brave; for done are* Shakeſpeare's *days;*
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Theſpian *ſpring,*
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus *clouds his rays;*

That corpſe, that coffin, now beſtick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet firſt, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would ſcarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-houſe) the Nuntius *is:*
For, though his line of life went ſoon about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall never out.
Hugh Holland.

To the Memory
of the deceaſed Author, Maſter
W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakeſpeare, *at length thy pious fellows give*
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford *monument,*
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill; this book,
When braſs and marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all ages; when poſterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakeſpeare'*s, every line, each verſe,*
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy herſe.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age,—as Naſo *ſaid*
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book ſhall once invade:
Nor ſhall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miſt, until our bankrout ſtage be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtrain to out-do
Paſſions of Juliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or 'till I hear a ſcene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-ſword parlying Romans *ſpake:*

'Till theſe, 'till any of thy volume's reſt,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expreſs'd,
Be ſure, our Shakeſpeare, *thou canſt never die,*
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.
L. Digges.

To the Memory
of Maſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakeſpeare, *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon*
From the world's ſtage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy ſpectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applause: An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a ſecond part;
That's but an exit *of mortality,*
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M.

On worthy Maſter SHAKESPEARE, and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal ſurface can make things appear,
Diſtant a thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours, juſt extent:
To outrun haſty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, *where confuſed lye*
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep duſky dungeon, to diſcern
A royal ghoſt from churls; by art to learn
The phyſiognomy of ſhades, and give

Them ſudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What ſtory coldly tells, what poets feign
At ſecond hand, and picture without brain,
Senſeleſs and ſoul-leſs ſhews: To give a ſtage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's *year, and new ſcene of the world,*
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raiſe our ancient ſovereigns from their herſe,
Make kings his ſubjects; by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunks, that the preſent age
Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our ears
Take pleaſure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both ſmile and weep; fearful at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravin for our ſport:——
——While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To ſtrike up and ſtroak down, both joy and ire;
To ſteer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, ſtoln from ourſelves:——
This,—and much more, which cannot be expreſs'd
But by himſelf, his tongue, and his own breaſt,—
Was Shakeſpeare's *freehold; which his cunniug brain*
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;—

The buſkin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, *nimble hand*
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The ſilver-voiced lady, the moſt fair
Calliope, ſhe *whose ſpeaking ſilence daunts,*
And ſhe whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as ſpouse, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of ſable grave,
Freſh green, and pleasant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blue, rich purple, guiltleſs white,
The lowly ruſſet, and the ſcarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted ſpring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilk: there run
Italian *works, whose thread the ſiſters ſpun;*
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a moſſy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—Death may deſtroy,
They ſay, his body; but his verſe ſhall live,
And more than nature takes our hands ſhall give:
In a leſs volume, but more ſtrongly bound,
Shakeſpeare *ſhall breath and ſpeak; with laurel crown'd,*
Which never fades; fed with ambroſial meat;
In a well-lined veſture, rich, and neat:—

So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time ſhall never ſtain, nor envy tear it.
The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,
J. M. S.

An Epitaph
on the admirable dramatick Poet,
W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs, my Shakeſpeare, *for his honour'd bones,*
The labour of an age in piled ſtones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument:
For whilſt, to the ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Those Delphick *lines with deep impreſſion took;*
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch pomp doſt lye,
That kings, for ſuch a tomb, would wiſh to die.

NOTE.

This laſt poem was writ by the great MILTON; and is here given you as it lies in an edition of that author's poems, printed in 1673, octavo; where it is only inſcrib'd,—"*On* SHAKESPEARE," and dated—1630. This poem, that immediately before it, and the firſt—"Upon his Effigies," are not in the firſt folio.

TABLE
of quarto Editions of Plays written by
SHAKESPEARE.

I. Hamlet. 1605. J. R. *for* N.L. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1611. *for* John Smethwicke. 3. *no date.* W.S. *for* D^{o}. (*ADD.*) 4. 1637. R. Young *for* D^{o}.

II. Henry IV, *1ſt. p.* 1598.
P. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 2. 1599. S. S. *for* D^{o}. 3. 1604. (*DES.*) 4. 1608. *for* Mathew Law. (*DES.*) 5. 1613. W. W. *for* D^{o}. (*ADD.*) 6. 1622. T. P. *Sold by* D^{o}. 7. 1632. John Norton. *Sold by* William Sheares. (*ADD.*) 8. 1639. John Norton. *Sold by* Hugh Perry.

III. Henry IV, *2d. p.* 1600. V. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe, *and* William Aſpley. 2. 1600. D^{o}. (*DES.*) *v.* A.

IV. Henry V. [1600. Thomas Creede, *for* Tho. Millington, *and* John Busby. 2. 1602. Thomas Creede, *for* Thomas Pavier. (*ADD.*) 3. 1603. *for* T. P.]

V & VI. Henry VI. [1600. Valentine Simmes *for* Thomas Millington. (*ADD. & IMP.*) 2. 1600. W. W. *for* Tho. Millington. (*DES.) 3. *no date. for* T. P.] *v.* B.

VII. *King* John. [1591. *for* Sampſon Clarke. *b.l.* 2. 1611. Valentine Simmes *for* John Helme. 3. 1622. Aug: Mathewes *for* Thomas Dewe.] *v.* C.

VIII. *King* Lear. 1608. *for* Nathaniel Butter. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1608. *for* D^{o}. (*ADD. v.* D.) 3. 1655. Jane Bell.

IX. *Love's Labour's loſt.* 1598. W. W. *for* Cutbert Burby. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1631. W. S. *for* John Smethwicke.

X. *Merchant of* Venice. 1600. J. R. *for* Thomas Heyes. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1600. J. Roberts. 3. 1637. M. P. *for* Laurence Hayes. 4. 1652. *for* William Leake. (*ADD.*)

XI. *Merry Wives of* Windſor. [1602. T. C. *for* Arthur Johnſon. 2. 1619. *for* *Dº.*] 3. 1630. T. H. *for* R. Meighen. (*a* & *ſ.*)

XII. *Midſummer Night's Dream.* 1600. *for* Thomas Fiſher. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1600. James Roberts.

XIII. *Much Ado about Nothing.* 1600. V. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe, *and* William Aſpley. (*beſt Edit.*)

XIV. Othello. 1622. N. O. *for* Thomas Walkley. (*a.*) 2. *no date.* (*Preface by* Tho. Walkely. *DES.) 3. 1630. A. M. *for* Richard Hawkins. (*a*) 4. 1655. *for* William Leak. (*ADD. a.*)

XV. Richard II. 1597. Valentine Simmes *for* Androw Wiſe. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 2. 1598. Valentine Simmes *for* *Dº.* 3. 1608. W W. *for* Mathew Law. (*DES.*) 4. 1615. *for* *Dº.* 5. 1634. John Norton. (*a* & *ſ.*)

XVI. Richard III. 1597. Valentine Sims, *for* Andrew Wiſe. (*DES.)2. 1598. Thomas Creede, *for* *Dº.* 3. 1602. *Dº.* 4. 1612. Thomas Creede. *Sold by* Mathew Lawe. 5. 1622. Thomas Purfoot. *Sold by* *Dº.* 6. 1629. John Norton. *Sold by* *Dº.* 7. 1634. John Norton.

XVII. Romeo *and* Juliet. [1597. John Danter.] 2. 1599. Thomas Creede, *for* Cuthbert Burby. (*DES.*) 3. 1609. *for* John Smethwick. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 4. *no date.* *for* John Smethwicke. (*ADD.*) 5. 1637. R. Young *for* *Dº.*

XVIII. *Taming of the Shrew.* [1607 V. S. *for* Nich. Ling. *DES.] 2. 1631. W. S. *for* John Smethwicke.

XIX. Titus Andronicus. 1611. *for* Eedward White. (*beſt Edit.*)

XX. Troilus *and* Creſſida. 1609. G. Eld *for* R. Bonian *and* H. Whalley. (*beſt*

Edit.) 2. *no date*. G. Eld *for* Do. (**DES.*)

NOTES.

A.] Signature *E*, in this copy, contains ſix leaves; a ſcene being there added, the firſt of act the third.

B.] These editions contain only the ſecond and third parts of "Henry *the ſixth*," and are thus intitl'd;—*The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houſes*, Lancaſter *and* Yorke.

C.] In all these editions, the play is in two parts.

D.] The firſt of these "Lears" is printed upon eleven ſheets; the ſecond, but upon ten and a quarter: ſignature, next the title-page, of the firſt, *A*. 2; of the ſecond, *B*.

n. b.] *ADD*. ſignifies—additions, or copies added by the compiler; (v. "*Introduction*," *p*. 20.) *IMP*.—imperfect; and *DES*.—*deſideratum*, or wanting in his collection; and a ſtar before *DES*. implies—never ſeen by him: the notices of these are from the tables of former editors.

Do, of Plays aſcrib'd to him.

I. *Arraignment of* Paris. *O.C.* 1584. Henrie Marſh. (*a&ſ.*)

II. *Birth of* Merlin.**1662. Tho. Johnſon *for* Francis Kirkman, *and* Henry Marſh. (*a*)

III. Edward III. *O.C.* 1596. *for* Cuthbert Burby. 2 1599. Simon Stafford, *for* Do.

IV. *Fair* Em. † 1631. *for* John Wright.

V. Locrine.*1595. Thomas Creede. (*a* & *ſ*)

VI. London *Prodigal*.*1605. T. C. *for* Nathaniel Butter.

VII. *Merry Devil of* Edmonton. ‡ 1608. Henry Ballard *for* Arthur Johnſon. 2. 1617. G. Eld *for* Do. 3. 1626. A. M. *for* Francis Falkner. 4. 1631. T. P. *for* Do. 5. 1655. *for* William Gilbertſon.

VIII. Mucedorus. ‡ 1598. *for* William Jones. (*DES.*) 2. 1610. *for* Do. 3. 1615. N. O. *for* Do. (*DES.*) 4. 1639. *for* John Wright. 5. *no date*. *for* Francis Coles. 6. 1668. E. O. *for* Do.

IX. Pericles. * 1609. *for*

Henry Goſſon. 2. 1619. *for* T. P. 3. 1630. J. N. *for* R. B. 4. 1635. Thomas Cotes.
X. *Puritan.** 1607. G. Eld. (*a.*)
XI. *Sir* John Oldcaſtle. * 1600. *for* T. P.
XII. Thomas *lord* Cromwel.* 1613. Thomas Snodham.
XIII. *Two noble Kinſmen* ** 1634. Tho. Cotes, *for* John Waterſon. (*a* & *ſ.*)
XIV. Yorkſhire *Tragedy.** 1619. *for* T. P.

NOTE.

The two plays, mark'd with double aſteriſks, are ſaid in the title-page to have been written, the firſt by *Shakeſpeare* and *Rowley*, the other by *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpeare:* and the ſeven, with ſingle aſteriſks, are publiſh'd with his other plays in a folio edition printed in 1664, and in ſome editions ſince. *O. C.* ſignifies, old catalogues; in ſome of which, these two plays are aſcrib'd to *Shakeſpeare:* and the remaining three, diſtinguiſh'd by croſſes, are in a volume, now in Mr. *Garrick*'s poſſeſſion, that did belong to king *Charles* the firſt, which is titl'd upon the back, "SHAKESPEAR *Vol.* I;" and these likewise are given to him by old catalogues, "*Fair* Em" excepted, which is therefore differenc'd by having but one croſs-bar. It may be juſt obſerv'd too, that, to the plays mark'd—*O. C*, and with croſſes, there is no name of author, either in the title-page, or other part: of the double aſteriſks, ſee the account above; and, for the ſingle ones, in the title-pages of "Locrine, *Puritan, and* Thomas *lord* Cromwel," are the initial letters, *W. S*, and, in the others, the name at length.

Folio Editions.

I. *Mr.* William Shakeſpeares *Comedies, Hiſtories, & Tragedies. Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.* 1623. *fol.* Iſaac Jaggard, *and* Ed. Blount.
II. *D°*, 1632, *fol.* Tho. Cotes, *for* Robert Allot.
III. *D°*, 1664, *fol. for* P. C.

IV. *Dº*, 1685, *fol. for* H. Herringman, E. Brewſter, *and* R. Bentley.

Editions of his Poems.

I. Shakeſpeare's *Poems.* 1609. *quarto.* (*DES.)
II. *Dº, no date, octavo, for* Bernard Lintott. (v. *Note.*)
III. *Dº*, 1640, *octavo.* Tho. Cotes. *Sold by* John Benſon.
IV. *Paſſionate Pilgrim, poems by Dº.* 1599, *octavo, ſmall. for* W. Jaggard. *Sold by* W. Leake.
V. *Rape of* Lucrece, *a poem.* 1594, *quarto.* Richard Field, *for* John Harriſon. (*DES.*)
VI. *Dº*, 1598, *octavo.* P. S. *for Dº.*
VII. *Dº*, 1607, *octavo.* N. O. *for Dº.*
VIII. Venus *and* Adonis, *a poem.* 1620, *octavo. for* J. P.

NOTE.

This is ſaid, in the title-page, to be an exact copy of the edition that goes before; and has the appearance of being what it profeſſes.

The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the firſt:

containing,

The Tempeſt;
The two Gentlemen of Verona;
The merry Wives of Windſor.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

The

T E M P E S T.

Perſons repreſented.

Alonſo, *King of* Naples:
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *rightful Duke of* Milan:
Antonio, *his Brother, Uſurper of his Dominions.*
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples:
Gonzalo, }
Adrian, } *Lords attending the King.*
Franciſco, }
Caliban, *a ſavage and deform'd Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of the King's Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy Spirit. Other aerial Spirits; preſenting, in the Maſque,* Iris, Ceres, *and* Juno.

Attendants upon the King. Spirits attending Proſpero.

Scene, at Sea; and in different Parts
of an uninhabited Iſland.

The *TEMPEST.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Ship at Sea.*

A great Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.
Enter, upon Deck, a Ship-maſter,
and a Boatſwain.

Maſ. Boatſwain,—

Boa. Here, maſter: What cheer?

Maſ. Good: Speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boa. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to th' maſter's whiſtle: — Blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough. [*Exeunt Mariners, aloft.*

Enter ALONSO, Sebaſtian, Ferdinand,
ANTONIO, GONZALO, *and Others.*

ALO. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boa. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boa. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour;

Keep your cabins; You do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boa. When the ſea is. Hence. What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boa. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; If you can command these elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boa. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*Cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again?—What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o'your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable dog!

Boa. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whorſon inſolent noiſemaker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boa. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off. [*Cry again.*

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All loſt; to prayers, to prayers; all loſt!
[*Exeunt* Mariners.

Boa. What, muſt our mouths be cold? [them;
Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's aſſiſt
For our caſe is as theirs.
Seb. I'm out of patience. [ards.—
Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunk-
This wide-chopt raſcal; 'Would, thou might'ſt lye
The waſhing of ten tides! [drowning,
Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.—Mercy on us!
[*A confus'd Noiſe within.*—We ſplit, we ſplit!
—Farewel my wife and children!—Farewel,
brother!—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!
Ant. Let's all ſink wi' the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Iſland. Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, *and* MIRANDA.

21 v. *Note.*

Mir. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With those that I ſaw ſuffer! A brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creature in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mir. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
Lye † there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have com- [fort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,

I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no loſs,
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel, [down,
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopt;
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition,
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, ſir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſee'ſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?
If thou remember'ſt ought, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve year ſince, *Miranda*, twelve year ſince,
Thy father was the duke of *Milan*, and

[2] no ſoule

A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of *Milan*; and his only heir
A princeſs: no worſe iſſu'd.
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*,—
I pray thee, mark me,—(That a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom, next thy ſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero* the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies) Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?—
Mir. Sir, moſt heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; who to advance, and who
To traſh for over-topping; new created

The creatures that were mine ; I ſay, or chang'd them,
Or elſe new form'd them : having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i'the ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't. Thou attend'ſt not.
MIR. O, yes, good ſir, I do.
PRO. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature : and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood, in it's contrary as great
As my truſt was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact,—Like one
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory
To credit his own lye,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke ; from ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative : Hence his ambition growing,—
Doſt thou hear, girl ?
MIR. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.
PRO. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan* : Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough ! of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable : confederates

(So dry he was for ſway) wi' the king of *Naples*;
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!)*
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
MIR. O the heavens! [me,
PRO. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother.
MIR. I ſhould ſin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother:
Good wombs have born bad ſons.
PRO. Now the condition.
This king of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit:
Which was, That he, in lieu o'the premiſes,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
Fated to the purpoſe, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
MIR. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembring how I cry'd on't then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
PRO. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

[26] cride out then

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion: Dear, they durſt not,
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſe of a boat, not rig'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to the ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whose pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O, a cherubin
Thou waſt, that did preserve me! Thou did'ſt ſmile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity, (he being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us; with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,

---

[10] a Butt, [11] have quit [29] (who being

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now I ariſe:—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful. [ſir,
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way: I know, thou canſt not chooſe.—
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I'm ready now;
Approach, my *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk

---

[10] Princeſſe can

Ariel and all his quality.
Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bore-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem to beſiege; and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-ſtaring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cry'd, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,

---

[10] Lightning, [11] Thunder-claps

But freſher than before; and, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſperſ'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this † ſad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſperſ'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and [now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt: and think'ſt it much, to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, ſir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, ſir.
Pro. Thou haſt; Where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, ſir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,

As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpiriting gently.
Pro. Do ſo: and after two days

I will diſcharge thee.
ARI. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay, what? what ſhall I do?
PRO. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea:[5]
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe: Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!
MIR. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
PRO. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
MIR. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.
PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. — What, ho! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou, ſpeak!
CAL. [*within*] There's wood enough within. [thee:
PRO. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for
Come, thou tortoiſe! when!
Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*
" Fine apparition! My quaint *Ariel*, "
" Hark in thine ear. "
ARI. " My lord, it ſhall be done." [*Exit* ARIEL.
PRO. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!
Enter CALIBAN.

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[5] but thine, and mine:

Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſom fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er! [cramps,
Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt
Water with berries in't; and teach me how [give me
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh-ſprings, brine-pits, barren place, and fertil;—
Curſ'd be I, that I did ſo! — All the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt o'the iſland.
Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, 'till thou did'ſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—'would't had been done!
Thou did'ſt prevent me; I had peopl'd elſe

14 ſtroakſt me, & made much

This iſle with *Calibans.*
PRO. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou could'ſt not, ſavage,
Show thine own meaning, but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who had'ſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.
CAL. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe; The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
PRO. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'ert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.
CAL. No, pray thee!—
"I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch power,"
"It would controul my dam's god *Setebos,*"
"And make a vaſſal of him."
PRO. So, ſlave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Muſick. Re-enter ARIEL, *inviſible*;
FERDINAND *following.*

ARI. *Come unto theſe yellow ſands,* *SONG.*
and then take hands:

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[2] *Mir.* Abhorred [6] thou didſt not [7] Know thine

curt'ſy'd when you have, and kiſt,
(the wild waves whiſt)
foot it featly here and there;
and, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
the watch-dogs bark:
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
the ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
cry, Cock-a-doodle-do. [earth?
FER. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air? or the
It ſounds no more: — and, ſure, it waits upon
Some god o' the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the king my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With it's ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: — But 'tis gone:
No, it begins again.
ARI. *Full fathom five thy father lies:* *SONG.*
of his bones are coral made;
those are pearls, that were his eyes:
nothing of him, that doth fade,
but doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
hark, now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.
[*Burthen,* Ding-dong.
FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father: —
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: — I hear it now above me.

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4 beare | the burthen. 15 againe the

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſee'ſt yond'.
Mir. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form: — But 'tis a ſpirit. [ſenſes
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſee'ſt,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. "It goes, I ſee," [thee"
"As my ſoul prompts it: — Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free
"Within two days for this."
Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom these airs attend: — Vouchſafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, o you wonder,
If you be maid, or no?
Mir. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly, a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders

15 goes on I

To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples:* He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am *Naples*;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreckt.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. — "At the firſt ſight"
"They have chang'd eyes: — Delicate *Ariel*,"
"I'll ſet thee free for this." — A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong; a word.
Mir. "Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This"
"Is the third man, that e'er I ſaw; the firſt,"
"That e'er I ſigh'd for: pity move my father"
"To be inclin'd my way!"
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft, ſir; one word more. [ſineſs"
"They are both in either's powers: but this ſwift bu-
"I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [thee
"Make the prize light." Sir, one word more; I charge
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come:
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradl'd: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [*draws.*

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beſeech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

Pro. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

26 there is no

Pro. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. "It works."—Come on.—
"Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*."—Follow me.—
"Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me."
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. "Thou ſhalt be as free"
"As mountain winds: but then exactly do"
"All points of my command."
Ari. "To the ſyllable."
Pro. Come, follow:—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe

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[7] friends, nor this

(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean, our preservation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wisely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

ALO. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er ſo.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

GON. Sir,—

SEB. One: —Tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

SEB. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you ſhould.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?

ALO. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

GON. Well, I have done: But yet—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſart,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breaths upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No, he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, (which is, indeed, almoſt beyond credit)—

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

5 you'r paid

ANT. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lyes?

SEB. Ay, or very falſly pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

SEB. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

ADR. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

ANT. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

SEB. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? good lord, how you take it!

ADR. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

GON. This *Tunis*, ſir, was *Carthage*.

ADR. *Carthage?*

GON. I aſſure you, *Carthage*.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impoſſible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

ANT. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

GON. Ay?

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido.*

ANT. O, widow *Dido*; ay, widow *Dido.*

GON. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it, (I mean, in a ſort)

ANT. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALO. You cram these words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: 'Would, I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt: and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

FRA. Sir, he may live:
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

ALO. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where ſhe at leaſt is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alo. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwiſe
By all of us : and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We have loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever : *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making, [own.
Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's your
Alo. So is the dear'ſt o' the loſs.
Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in : you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this iſle, my lord, —
Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I'the common-wealth I would by contraries
Execute all things : For no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; poverty, riches,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl :
No occupation; all men idle, all,

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5 end o'th' beame' 28 Riches, poverty,

And women too, but innocent, and pure:
No ſovereignty:

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, ſir? —

Alo. Pr'ythee, no more;
Thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occasion to these gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would

continue in it five weeks without changing.
[*ſolemn Muſick.*

SEB. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

ANT. Go ſleep, and hear us.
[GON. ADR. FRA. *and Train, ſleep.*

ALO. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh, mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts; I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

SEB. Please you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom visits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

ALO. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
[ALONSO *ſleeps.*

SEB. What a ſtrange drowsineſs poſſeſſes them!

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

ANT. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropt, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy *Sebaſtian?* o, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occasion ſpeaks thee; and

My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEB. What, art thou waking?
ANT. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
SEB. I do: and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou did'ſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
ANT. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep; dye rather: wink'ſt,
Whiles thou art waking.
SEB. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
ANT. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
SEB. Well; I am ſtanding water.
ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.
SEB. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
ANT. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.
SEB. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, † this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the king, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of *Naples?*
Seb. *Claribel.*
Ant. She that is queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd,—though ſome caſt again;
And (by that deſtiny) to perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of *Tunis*;
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions

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[15] doubt [25] She that from [26] We all were

There is ſome ſpace.
  ANT. A ſpace, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that* Claribel
Measure us back to Naples ?—Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake.—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them ; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myſelf could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement? Do you underſtand me?
  SEB. Methinks, I do.
  ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
  SEB. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſpero.*
  ANT. True:
And, look, how feat my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
  SEB. But, for your conſcience—
  ANT. Ay, ſir; but where lyes that? if 'twere a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan*, candy'd be they,
Would melt, ere they moleſt. Here lyes your brother,
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing † thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morſel, this ſir *Prudence*, who
Should not upbraid our courſe: For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word. [*they talk apart.*

Enter Ariel, *inviſible.*

Ari. "My maſter through his art foreſees the danger"
"That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth"
"(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living."
[*ſings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoring lye,
open-ey'd conſpiracy
his time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
ſhake off ſlumber, and beware:
awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the king!
[*ſtarting up. All wake.*

Alo. Why, how now, ho! awake? — Why are you
Wherefore this gaſtly looking? [drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

SEB. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; Did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

ALO. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earth-quake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALO. Heard you this, *Gonzalo?*

GON. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verily: 'Tis beſt, we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALO. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
For my poor ſon. [ſearch

GON. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

ALO. Lead away.

ARI. "*Proſpero* my lord ſhall know what I have done."
"So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Iſland.*
Enter CALIBAN, *with a Burthen of Wood:*
A Noiſe of Thunder heard.

CAL. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
[*throwing down his Burthen.*
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs;—Lo, now, lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
[*caſts himſelf on the Ground.*
Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRI. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all; and another ſtorm brewing, I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fulls.—What have we here? [*ſeeing* Caliban.] a man, or a fiſh? Dead, or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, poor-*John*. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt. [*creeping under* Caliban.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging*; *a Bottle in his Hand.*

STE. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
here ſhall I dye a-ſhore;—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
the gunner, and his mate,
lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
but none of us car'd for Kate:
for ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang;
ſhe lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
yet a tailor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's, with ſavages, and men of *Inde?* Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breaths at noſtrils.

CAL. The ſpirit torments me; O!

STE. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where, the devil, ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiseſt: He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be — But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract: If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, Amen; I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano*, —

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Tri. *Stephano*,—if thou be'ſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*,—be not afeard,—thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou be'ſt *Trinculo*, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs; if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they: [*hauling him: he and* Cal. *riſe.*] Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo*'s?

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke;—But art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd:—Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm:—And art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights!
That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a but of ſack, which the ſailors heaved o'er-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, † kiſs the book: Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole but, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man i' th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee:
My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: † ſwear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:—The man i' th' moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertil inch o'the iſle;
And I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when's god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Tri. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Tri. but that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſcamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking.—*Trinculo*, the king, and all our company elſe, being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here, [*to* Cal.] bear my bottle:—Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*
[*ſinging drunkenly.*

Tri. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
nor fetch in firing
at requiring,
nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
has a new maſter,—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs

Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends: This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as *'tis* odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: my ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps, when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO,
at a Diſtance, unſeen.

MIR. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

FER. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

MIR. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

[13] buſie left

MIR. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
PRO. "Poor worm, thou art infected;"
"This viſitation ſhews it."
MIR. You look wearily.
FER. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is you name?
MIR. *Miranda:* —O my father,
I have broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
FER. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, o you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
MIR. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, my own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh

Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a king;
(I would not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth: Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there resides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. "Fair encounter"
"Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace"
"On that which breeds between them!"
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take
What I ſhall dye to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;

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[9] then to ſuffer

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll dye your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: And now, farewel,
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir. *ſeverally.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *reeling*;
Caliban *following, with the Bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me; when the but is out, we will drink water; not a drop, before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: — Servant monſter, drink to me.

Tri. Servant monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Tri. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

STE. My man monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me; I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

TRI. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

STE. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

TRI. Nor go neither: but you'll lye, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou be'ſt a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

TRI. Thou ly'ſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lye, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me; Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRI. Lord, quoth he? that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

STE. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree: the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

CAL, I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

STE. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

[5] v. *Note.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant; a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Cal. Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Tri. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more:—Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it: If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this † thing dare not,—

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſſ'd? Can'ſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt, thou can'ſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this?—Thou ſcurvy patch!—
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Tri. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go no farther off.

Ste. Did'ſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that: [*ſtriking him.*] As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Tri. I did not give the lye: Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking, do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to posseſs his books: for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I: burn but his books.
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

CAL. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and *Trinculo* and thyſelf ſhall be viceroys: — Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

TRI. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. "This will I tell my maſter."

CAL. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: — Come on, *Trinculo*; let us ſing.

Flout 'em, and ſcout 'em; and ſcout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free —

CAL. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

STE. What is this ſame?

TRI. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

STE. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

TRI. O, forgive me my ſins!

STE. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STE. No, monſter, not I.

CAL. Be not afear'd; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

CAL. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

STE. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

TRI. The ſound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

STE. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer; he lays it on.

TRI. Wilt come?

STE. I'll follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

GON. By'r-lakin, I can go no further, ſir;
My old bones ake: Here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

ALO. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

20 v. *Note.*

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.
ANT. "I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope."
"Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe"
"That you reſolv'd to effect."
SEB. "The next advantage"
"Will we take throughly."
ANT. "Let it be to-night;"
"For, now they are oppreſſ'd with travail, they"
"Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance"
"As when they are freſh,"
SEB. "I ſay, to-night: no more."

Solemn and ſtrange Muſick: and Proſpero,
on the Top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes,
bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it, with
gentle Actions of Salutation; and, inviting the
King, &c. to eat, they depart.

ALO. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark.
GON. Marvelous ſweet muſick! [these?
ALO. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
SEB. A living drolery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix,
At this hour reigning there.
ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
GON. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. "Honeſt lord,"
"Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there present"
"Are worſe than devils."
Alo. I cannot too much muſe;
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. "Praise in departing."
Fra. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince [machs.—
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſto-
Wilt please you taſte of what is here?
Alo. Not I. [boys,
Gon. 'Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now, we find,
Each putter-out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alo. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:— Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel,
like a Harpy: claps his Wings upon the Table; and, with a queint Device, the Banquet vaniſhes.

24 out of five

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*ſeeing them draw.*
And even with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves: You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume; my fellow miniſters
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*;
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
The powers (delaying, not forgetting) have
Incenſ'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonso*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.
He vaniſhes in Thunder: Then, to ſoft Musick,

4 up you; 13 dowle that's in my plumbe

Enter the Shapes again, and dance, with Mocks
and Mocs, and carry out the Table.

PRO. "Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou"
"Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring;"
"Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,"
"In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,"
"And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters"
"Their ſeveral kinds have done: my high charms work,"
"And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up"
"In their diſtractions, they now are in my power:"
"And in theſe fits I leave them, while I viſit"
"Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)"
"And his and my lov'd darling." [*Exit, from above.*

GON. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand
In this ſtrange ſtare? [you

ALO. O, it is monſtrous, monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it,
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*; it did baſe my treſpaſs:
Therefore my ſon i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er. [*Exit.*

ANT. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exit.*

GON. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon, given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits: — I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this extaſy
May now provoke them to.

---

[13] mine lov'd

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand,*
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Againſt an oracle,
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchaſ'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as is now, The murkieſt den,
The moſt oppórtune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or *Phœbus*' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
"What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel!*"
Enter Ariel.
Ari. "What would my potent maſter? here I am:"
Pro. "Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your laſt ſervice"
"Did worthily perform; and I muſt use you"
"In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble,"
"O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:"
"Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt"
"Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple"
"Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,"
"And they expect it from me."
Ari. "Presently?"
Pro. "Ay, with a twinck."
Ari. "Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*;"
"And breath twice; and cry, *So, ſo*;"
"Each one, tripping on his toe,"
"Will be here with mop and moe:"
"Do you love me, maſter? no."
Pro. "Dearly, my delicate *Ariel:* Do not approach,"
"'Till thou doſt hear me call."
Ari. "Well, I conceive." [*Exit* Ariel.
Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance

[2] as 'tis now

Too much the rein ; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good-night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, ſir ;
The white, cold, virgin ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.
Pro. Well.—
“ Now come, my *Ariel* ; bring a corollary, ”
“ Rather than want a ſpirit ; appear, and pertly.”—
No tongue ; all eyes ; be ſilent. [*ſoft Muſick.*
A Maſque. Enter Iris.
* *Iri.* *Ceres*, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
* Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe ;
* Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
* And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep ;
* Thy banks with pioned and tilled brims,
* Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims, [groves,
* To make cold nymphs chaſt crowns ; and thy broom
* Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
* Being laſs-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
* And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,
* Where thou thyſelf doſt air ; The queen o'the ſky,
* Whoſe watry arch, and meſſenger, am I,
* Bids thee leave theſe ; and with her ſovereign grace,
* Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
* To come and ſport : her peacocks fly amain ;
* Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.
Enter Ceres.
* *Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
* Doſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter* ;
* Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
* Diffuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers ;

16 twilled

* And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
* My boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
* Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
* Summon'd me hither to this ſhort-graſſ'd green?
* *IRI.* A contract of true love to celebrate;
* And ſome donation freely to eſtate
* On the bleſt lovers.
* *CER.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
* If *Venus*, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
* Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
* The means that duſky *Dis* my daughter got,
* Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
* I have fore-ſworn.
* *IRI.* Of her ſociety
* Be not afraid: I met her deity
* Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*; and her ſon
* Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
* Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
* Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be pay'd
* 'Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted: but in vain;
* *Mars*'s hot minion is return'd again;
* Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
* Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
* And be a boy right-out.
* *CER.* High'ſt queen of ſtate,
* Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

* *JUN.* How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
* To bleſs this twain; that they may proſp'rous be,
* And honour'd in their iſſue.

SONG.

* *JUN. Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*

* *long continuance, and encreaſing,*
* *hourly joys be ſtill upon you!*
* Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you.*
* Cer. *Earth's encreaſe, and foizon plenty;*
* *barns, and garners, never empty;*
* *vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;*
* *plants, with goodly burthen bowing;*
* *ſpring come to you, at the fartheſt,*
* *in the very end of harveſt!*
* *ſcarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;*
* Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

FER. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious-charming lay: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place paradiſe.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on Employment.*

PRO. Now, ſilence, ſweet!
Juno, and *Ceres*, whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd. [brooks,

* *IRI.* You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the wind'ring
* With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
* Leave your criſp channels, and on this green-land
* Anſwer your ſummons; *Juno* does command:
* Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
* A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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13 charmingly: 22 Sweet now, ſilence:

* You ſun-burnt ſicklemen of *Auguſt* weary,
* Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
* Make holiday: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
* And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
* In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the End whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confus'd Noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. “I had forgot that foul conſpiracy”
“Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confederates,”
“Againſt my life; the minute of their plot”
“Is almoſt come:”—Well done; avoid; no more.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion,
That works him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir.
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I fore-told you, were all ſpirits; and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubl'd:

Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.
FER. MIR. We wiſh your peace. - [*Exeunt.*
PRO. Come with a thought,—I thank ye—*Ariel*, come.
Enter ARIEL.
ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleaſure?
PRO. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
ARI. Ay, my commander: when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Leſt I might anger thee. [varlets?
PRO. Well; ſay again, where didſt thou leave theſe
ARI. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unbackt colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they ſmelt musick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'the filthy mantl'd pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.
PRO. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch those thieves.

[6] thank thee

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with gliſt'ring Apparel, &c.*
Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

Proſpero, *and* Ariel, *inviſible. Enter* CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.* [not

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the *Jack* with us.

Tri. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter; If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you, look you, —

Tri. thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to ly;—
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoft-
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Tri. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Tri. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'ſt thou here,

---

[8] on them

This is the mouth o' the cell; no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRI. O king *Stephano!* O peer! O worthy *Stephano!* look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

TRI. Oh ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery: — O king *Stephano!*

STE. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRI. Thy grace ſhall have it.

CAL. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,
And do the murther firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monſter. — Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRI. Do, do; We ſteal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's † a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another † garment for't.

TRI. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

CAL. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,

[16] let's alone

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes,
With foreheads villainous low

STE. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRI. And this.

STE. Ay, and this. [*heaping Garments on him.*

A Noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in Shape of Dogs, and Hounds, and hunt them about; Proſpero, *and* Ariel, *ſetting them on.*

PRO. Hey, *Mountain,* hey!

ARI. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

PRO. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant,* there! hark, hark!
[CAL. STE. *and* TRI. *are driven out roaring.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat-o'mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, the ſame.

Enter PROSPERO, *and* ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time

[21] Lies at

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king, and his followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all your prisoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, 'till your releaſe: The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord*, Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe, wrath doth end;
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;

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[10] *Line grove* [16] winters [31] doth extend

My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfeu; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters though ye be) I have bedim'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-baſ'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound
I'll drown my book. [*ſolemn Muſick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,*
ALONSO, *with a frantick Geſture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO, *in like Manner, attended by* Adrian, *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the Circle which*

Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd*; *which*
Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, the beſt comforter
To an unſettl'd fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. —
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow drops. — The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. — O good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian.* — Fleſh and blood,
You, brother mine; that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; who, with *Sebaſtian*,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: — *Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; —
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will diſcaſe me, and myſelf preſent
As I was ſometime *Milan*: — quickly, ſpirit;

3 Ayre, and the 5 boile 9 fellowly drops 27 ly foule

Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

[5] *Re-enter* ARIEL.

ARI. *Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;* *SONG.*
in a cowſlip's bell I lye,
there I couch: when owls do cry,
on the bat's back I do fly
after ſummer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.
[*helps to attire* Proſpero.

PRO. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel:* I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: So, ſo, ſo.
To the king's ſhip, invisible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALO. Whe'r thou be'ſt he, or no,
Or ſome enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,

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[5] v. *Note.*

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?
  Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
  Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
  Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o' the iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
" But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,"
" I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,"
" And juſtify you traitors; at this time"
" I'll tell no tales."
  Seb. "The devil ſpeaks in him." [*to* Ant.
  Pro. "No."—
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.
  Alo. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand.*
  Pro. I am woe for't, ſir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.
Alo. You the like loſs?
Pro. As great to me, as late, ſir: and ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.
Alo. Daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, theſe words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtl'd from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in:
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,

---

11 A daughter? 20 Their words

I will requite yon with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content you
As much, as me my dukedom.

Cell opens; and diſcovers FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA, *playing at Cheſs.*

MIR. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
FER. No, my dear'ſt love,
I would not for the world.
MIR. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
ALO. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
SEB. A moſt high miracle!
FER. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curſ'd them without cauſe.
[*running to* Alonſo, *and kneeling.*
ALO. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
MIR. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
PRO. 'Tis new to thee.
ALO. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
FER. Sir, ſhe is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine:
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father

For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
ALO. I am her's:
But, o, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?
PRO. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heavineſs that's gone.
GON. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this: Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
ALO. I ſay, amen, *Gonzalo*.
GON. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become kings of *Naples?* O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold, on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us ourſelves,
When no man was his own.
ALO. Give me your hands: [*to* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
GON. Be it ſo! amen!
Re-enter ARIEL; *with the Maſter, and Boatſwain,*

[11] remembrances,

amazedly following.
O look, ſir, look, ſir, here is more of us:
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'er-board, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boa. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip, —
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit, —
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.
Ari. "Sir, all this ſervice"
"Have I done ſince I went."
Pro. "My trickſey ſpirit!"
Alo. These are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger: — Say, how came you hither?
Boa. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapt under hatches:
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes,
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. "Was't well done?"
Pro. "Bravely, my diligence: thou ſhalt be free."
Alo. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature

[18] dead of ſleepe [24] all our trim

Was ever conduct of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: 'till when, be chearful;
And think of each thing well. — "Come hither, ſpirit;"
"Set *Caliban*, and his companions, free;" [ſir?
"Unty the ſpell." [*Exit* Ari.] How fares my gracious
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtoln Apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune: — *Coragio*, bully monſter, *Coragio!*

Tri. If these be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtise me.

Seb. Ha, ha; What things are these, my lord *Antonio?*
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: — This miſ-ſhapen knave, —
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:

These three have rob'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

ALO. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

SEB. He is drunk now; Where had he wine?

ALO. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; Where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir that hath gilded them? —
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

TRI. I have been in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, *Stephano?*

STE. O, touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

PRO. You'd be king o'the iſle, ſirrah?

STE. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

ALO. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

PRO. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: — Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this † drunkard for a god;
And worſhip this † dull fool?

PRO. Go to, away. [found it.

ALO. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you

SEB. Or ſtole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRI.

PRO. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,

10 grand Liquor 19 a ſtrange

To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life;
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this iſle: And, in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd:
And thence retire me to my *Milan*; where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
ALO. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
PRO. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: — "My *Ariel*; chick,"
"That is thy charge: Then, to the elements;"
"Be free; and fare thou well." — Please you, draw near.

advancing,

Now my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have 's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: *Let me not,*
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands

With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is deſpair;
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

[*Exeunt.*

The two
GENTLEMEN
of
VERONA.

Perſons represented.

Duke, Vice-roy of Milan:
Thurio,
Eglamour, } *Gentlemen of his Court.*
Valentine,
Protheus, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Antonio, Protheus' *Father:*
Panthino, *his Domeſtick.*
Speed, *Page to* Valentine.
Launce, *Servant to* Protheus.
Servant, attending the Duke.
Hoſt, a Milaneſe.
three Out-laws.

Silvia, *Daughter to the Duke.*
Julia, *a Lady of* Verona:
Lucetta, *her Woman.*

Other Attendants, Out-laws, and Muſicians.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in Verona, Milan,
and the Frontiers of Mantua.

The *two* GENTLEMEN *of* VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* PROTHEUS.

VAL. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth in ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu!
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſee'ſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee)

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beads-man, *Valentine.*
VAL. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.
PRO. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.
VAL. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont.*
PRO. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
VAL. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*
PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
VAL. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
PRO. What? [groans;
VAL. To be in love,—where ſcorn is bought with
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: [mirth
If haply won, perhaps a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed,
PRO. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.
VAL. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.
PRO. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
VAL. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicl'd for wiſe.
PRO. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
VAL. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time, to counſel thee
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no; now let us take our leave:
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.
Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*
Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewel.
[*Exit* VALENTINE.
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.
Enter SPEED, *bluntly.*
Spe. Sir *Protheus!* 'ſave you, ſir: Saw you my maſter?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for *Milan.*
Spe. Twenty to one then, he is ſhip'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him,
Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An' if the ſhepherd be a while away.
Spe. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Spe. Why then my horns are his horns, wheher I
wake, or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Spe. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Spe. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Spe. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages follow'ſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

Spe. Such another proof will make me cry, ba.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Spe. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Spe. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-ſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Spe. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Spe. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your
lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? [Speed *nods.*] Did ſhe nod?

Spe. I.

Pro. Nod? I? why, that's noddy,

Spe. You miſtook, ſir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that, ſet together, is — noddy.

Spe. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Spe. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Spe. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Spe. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; What ſaid ſhe?

Spe. Open your purſe; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here † is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Spe. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, could'ſt thou perçeive ſo much from her?

Spe. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And, being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Spe. No, not ſo much as — *take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſter'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter. [*Exit.*

Pro. Go, go, begone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:—
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Garden of* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIA, *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. 'Please you repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair ſir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus—of many good I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves you.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this † paper, madam.
Jul. To *Julia*, — Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from [*Protheus*:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the † paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. "that you may ruminate." [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay, no, to that
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, ay.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love;
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And presently, all humbl'd, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt:—
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't, that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of, *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ✝ ſong: Why, how now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, it is too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with proteſtation!—
[*looking over the Letter*; *tears, and throws it away.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be ſing'ring them, to anger me. [pleas'd,
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps; to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
[*picking up the Pieces.*

Look, here is writ — *kind* Julia, — Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw † thy name againſt the bruising ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
And here is writ — *love-wounded* Protheus: —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus † I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Prothèus,
To the ſweet Julia; — that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus † will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall these papers lye like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Antonio's *Houſe.*
Enter ANTONIO, *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthino*, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to impórtune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. [thither :
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of blood.
Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou adviſ'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, don *Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus, *at a Diſtance, reading.*

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life! ſweet Julia!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly *Julia!*
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;

Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
ANT. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
PRO. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
ANT. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muse not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
PRO. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
ANT. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go. —
Come on, *Panthino*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO, *and* PANTHINO.
PRO. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!
Re-enter PANTHINO.
PAN. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;

He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SPEED *following.*

Spe. Sir, your † glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Spe. Why, then this may be yours; for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine: —
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Spe. Madam *Silvia!* madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Spe. She is not within hearing, ſir.
Val. Why, ſir, who bad you call her?
Spe. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Spe. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Go to, ſir: tell me, do you know madam *Silvia?*
Spe. She that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Spe. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *robin*-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A B C*; to weep, like a young wench that had bury'd her grandame; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at hollowmaſs: You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs; that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

VAL. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

SPE. They are all perceiv'd without you.

VAL. Without me? they cannot.

SPE. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia?*

SPE. She that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

VAL. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

SPE. Why, ſir, I know her not.

VAL. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

SPE. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

VAL. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

SPE. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What doſt thou know?

SPE. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

SPE. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPE. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPE. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

VAL. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

SPE. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

VAL. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

SPE. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

VAL. Why?

SPE. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

VAL. What ſhould I ſee then?

SPE. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

SPE. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her. [ceaſe.

SPE. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would

VAL. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

SPE. And have you?

VAL. I have,

SPE. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy; but as well as I can do them: —

Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPE. "O excellent motion! o exceeding puppet!"
"now will he interpret to her."

VAL. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.

SPE. "O, gi' ye good even! here's a million of manners."

SIL. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

SPE. "He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it "him."

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip. [*gives the Letter.*

SIL. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.

VAL. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much pains.

VAL. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name 't:—and yet I care not:—
And yet take this † again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPE. "And yet you will; and yet another yet."

VAL. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But, ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take † them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it please you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And ſo, good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Spe. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent deviſe! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reasoning with yourſelf?

Spe. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Spe. To be a ſpokesman from madam *Silvia.*

Val. To whom?

Spe. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Spe. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me.

Spe. What need ſhe, when ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Spe. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Spe. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

VAL. That's the letter I writ to her friend. [end.
SPE. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an
VAL. I would, it were no worſe.
SPE. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind
diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her
lover. —
All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it. —
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.
VAL. I have din'd.

SPE. Ay, but hearken, ſir; though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. *Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter PROTHEUS, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle *Julia.*
JUL. I muſt, where is no remedy.
PRO. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
JUL. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner.
Keep this ‡ remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
[*giving a Ring.*
PRO. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you
JUL. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs. [‡ this.
PRO. Here is † my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould.
Julia, farewel.— What, gone without a word?
[*Exit* JULIA.
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtay'd for.

PRO. Go, I come:—
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with a Dog in a String.*

LAU. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir *Protheus* to the imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the ſoureſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pibble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandame, having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the

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[11] I come, I come:

hole in it, is my mother; and this, my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog, — o, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo: Now come I to my father, *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother; — O, that ſhe could ſpeak now, like a wode woman! — well, I kiſs her; — why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. *Launce!* away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you'll loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAU. It is no matter, if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindeſt tide?

LAU. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man! I mean, thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice, — Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

LAU. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

PAN. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

LAU. In thy tale.

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[10] a would-woman

Pan. In thy tail?

Lau. Loſe the tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Lau. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant, —

Val. Miſtreſs? [*they converſe apart.*

Spe. Maſter, ſir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Spe. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Spe. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

3 v. *Note.*

VAL. Well then, I'll double your folly.

THU. How?

SIL. What, angry, ſir *Thurio?* do you change colour?

VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

VAL. You have ſaid, ſir.

THU. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.

VAL. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.

SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SIL. Who is that, ſervant?

VAL. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THU. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke, *attended.*

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia?* you are hard beſet.—
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duk. Know you don *Antonio*, your countryman?

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duk. Hath he not a ſon?
VAL. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duk. You know him well?
VAL. I knew him as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſ'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath ſir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to ſpend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
VAL. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvio, I ſpeak to you, — and you, ſir *Thurio*; —
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit*.

VAL. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.
SIL. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
VAL. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.
SIL. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; And, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
THU. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.
VAL. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.
SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTHEUS.

VAL. Welcome, dear *Protheus!* — Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither;
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
VAL. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
SIL. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
PRO. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
VAL. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability: —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
PRO. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
PRO. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
SIL. That you are welcome, ſir?
PRO. That you are worthleſs.

Enter an Attendant.

32 v. *Note.*

Att. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with [you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure.—Come, ſir *Thurio*,
Go you with me:— Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, Speed, *and Att.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much [commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbl'd me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; And is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, *Protheus:* all I can is nothing
To her whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone—
Pro. Why, then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſee'ſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,

Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.
PRO. But ſhe loves you?
VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, my Protheus, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.
PRO. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road, to diſembarque
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'll preſently attend on you.
VAL. Will you make haſte?
PRO. I will.— [*Exit* VALENTINE.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own, or *Valentino*'s praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia* that I love;—
That I did love; for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;

And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzl'd my reaſon's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter SPEED, *and* LAUNCE, *meeting.*

SPE. *Launce!* by mine honeſty, welcome to *Milan.*

LAU. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—That a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till ſome certain ſhot be pay'd, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

SPE. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

LAU. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

SPE. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

LAU. No.

SPE. How then? ſhall he marry her?

LAU. No, neither.

SPE. What, are they broken?

LAU. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

SPE. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

LAU. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

[13] to *Padua.*

SPE. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

LAU. What a block art thou, that thou can'ſt not? my ſtaff underſtands me.

SPE. What thou ſay'ſt?

LAU. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

SPE. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

LAU. Why, ſtand-under and under-ſtand is all one.

SPE. But, tell me true, will't be a match?

LAU. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

SPE. The concluſion is then, that it will.

LAU. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

SPE. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo. But *Launce,* how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

LAU. I never knew him otherwiſe.

SPE. Than how?

LAU. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

SPE. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

LAU. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

SPE. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

LAU. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew,* a *Jew,* and not worth the name of a chriſtian.

SPE. Why?

LAU. Because thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

SPE. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS.

PRO. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuse it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better:—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt prefer'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, This find I by their loſs,—
For *Valentine*, myſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And *Silvia* (witneſs heaven, that made her fair)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead;
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,

Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*;
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in* Julia'*s Houſe.*

Enter JULIA, *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.

Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love,
And there I'll reſt; as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium.*
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as, Tell me, good my lord,
What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?—
Why, e'en what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, *Lucetta*. [dam.
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, ma-
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtay'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone;
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All these are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

[3] likes

Only deſerve my love, by loving him ;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey :
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence :
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *Anti-room of the Palace.*

Enter Duke, PROTHEUS, *and* Thurio.

Duk. Sir *Thurio,* give us leave, I pray, a while ;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. —
[*Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, *Protheus,* what's your will with me ?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal :
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter ;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot :
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio,* whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And, ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoln away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age :

Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duk. *Protheus,* I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhun'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have deviſ'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down:
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duk. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; ſir *Valentine* is coming.
[*Exit* PROTHEUS.
Enter VALENTINE.
Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duk. Nay, then no matter, ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend ſir *Thurio* to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duk. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.
VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duk. There is a lady, ſir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
VAL. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duk. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.
VAL. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents [her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;
But, rather, to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone:
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *Get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duk. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
VAL. Why, then I would reſort to her by night.

[3] Lady in *Verona* here

Duk. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duk. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, ſir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duk. But hark thee; I will go to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord; that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy † cloak upon me. —
What letter is this ſame? What's here? *To* Silvia?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly*;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:

O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.
What's here?
Silvia, *this night I will enfranchize thee.*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe. —
Why, *Phaeton*, (for thou art *Merops*' ſon)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, because they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is priviledge for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe;
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit* Duke.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And *Silvia* is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,

Is ſelf from ſelf; A deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS, *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

LAU. So-ho! ſo-ho!

PRO. What ſee'ſt thou?

LAU. Him we go to find; there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

PRO. *Valentine?*

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his ſpirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAU. Can nothing ſpeak? — Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

PRO. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?

LAU. Nothing.

PRO. Villain, forbear.

LAU. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirra, I ſay, forbear. — Friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſseſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untunable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia*: —
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me. —
What is your news?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd, o, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unreverſ'd, ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

VAL. No more; unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breath it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

PRO. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VAL. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou ſee'ſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte and meet me at the north-gate.

PRO. Go, ſirra, find him out: — Come, *Valentine.*

VAL. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE, *and* PROTHEUS.

LAU. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid; for ſhe hath had goſſips: yet 'tis a maid; for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, — which is much in a bare chriſtian: here is [*pulling out a Paper.*] the cat-log of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry:* Why, a horſe can do no more: nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk,* look you; A ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Spe. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

Lau. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Spe. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

Lau. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Spe. Why, man, how black?

Lau. Why, as black as ink.

Spe. Let me read them.

Lau. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canſt not read.

Spe. Thou ly'ſt, I can.

Lau. I will try thee: Tell me this, Who begot thee?

Spe. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Lau. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Spe. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Lau. There †; And ſaint *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Spe. Imprimis, *She can milk.* [*reads.*

Lau. Ay, that ſhe can.

Spe. Item, *She brews good ale.*

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7 Condition, 15 Maſterſhip?

Lau. And thereof comes the proverb, — Bleſſing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

Spe. Item, *She can ſow.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Spe. Item, *She can knit.*

Lau. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock?

Spe. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Lau. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Spe. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Lau. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Spe. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Spe. *Here follow her vices.*

Lau. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Spe. Item, *She is not to be* kiſs'd *faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Lau. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt. Read on.

Spe. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*

Lau. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Spe. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

Lau. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Spe. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Lau. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: — I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Spe. Item, *She is proud.*

Lau. Out with that too; it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Spe. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Lau. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Spe. Item, *She is curſt.*

Lau. Well, the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Spe. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Lau. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be prais'd.

Spe. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Lau. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now, of another thing ſhe may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Lau. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Spe. —*and more faults than hairs,*—

Lau. That's monſtrous; O, that that were out!

Spe. —*and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Spe. What then?

Lau. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Spe. For me?

Lau. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath ſtay'd for a better man than thee.

Spe. And muſt I go to him?

Lau. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtay'd ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Spe. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Lau. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter; An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter Duke, *and* THURIO; PROTHEUS *behind.*

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exíle ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duk. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which, with an hour's heat,
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form:
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot. —
How now, ſir *Protheus?* is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duk. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duk. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
.Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duk. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir *Thurio* and my daughter:

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duk. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe opposes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duk. Ay, and perverſly ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine,* and love ſir *Thurio?*

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duk. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duk. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.

Duk. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraise,

She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that ſhe will love ſir *Thurio*.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir *Valentine*.
Duk. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Because we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you:
Where you may temper her by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: —
But you, ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duk. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus*' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet-complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duk. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently,
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duk. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duk. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Frontiers of* Mantua. *A Foreſt.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1. O. Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2. O. If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine, *and* Speed.

3. O. Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit, and riffle you.

Spe. O, ſir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1. *O.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.
2. *O.* Peace, peace; we'll hear him.
3. *O.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
VAL. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſſ'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments;
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2. *O.* Whither travel you?
VAL. To *Verona.*
1. *O.* And whence came you?
VAL. From *Milan.*
3. *O.* Have you long ſojourned there?
VAL. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have [ſtay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *O.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
VAL. I was.
2. *O.* For what offence?
VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. *O.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
VAL. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
2. *O.* Have you the tongues?
VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.
3. *O.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1. *O.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word. [*talk apart,*

SPE. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
VAL. Peace, villain.
2. *O.* Tell us this, Have you any thing to take to?
VAL. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. *O.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
Myſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.
2. *O.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I ſtab'd unto the heart.
1. *O.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe, — (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and, by your own report,
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —
2. *O.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parly to you:
Are you content to be our general;
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?
3. *O.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſórt?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1. *O.* But, if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.
2. *O.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you;

11 and Neece, allide

Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3. *O.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhow thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Already I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio.*
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts:
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
(The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope)
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio:* now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, ſir *Protheus?* are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

[10] have I

Thu. Who? *Silvia?*

Pro. Ay, *Silvia,*—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, *at a Diſtance; with* Julia, *apparel'd like a Boy.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt! methinks, you're allicholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, because I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark! [*Muſick plays.*

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
that all our ſwains commend her?
holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
the heaven ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.

2.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
for beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
to help him of his blindneſs;
and, being help'd, inhabits there.

3.

Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*

that Silvia *is excelling;*
ſhe excels each mortal thing,
upon the dull earth dwelling:
to her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this ſir *Protheus*, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead, That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Thurio, *and Muſick.*

Silvia *appears above, at her Window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip!

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends:
For me, (by this pale queen of night I ſwear)
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. "'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;"
"For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried."

Sil. Say, that ſhe be: yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,

I am betroth'd; And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepúlcher thine.
Jul. "He heard not that."
Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh, and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love. [it,"
Jul. "If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would ſure deceive
"And make it but a ſhadow, as I am."
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir:
But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* Protheus; *and* Silvia, *from above.*
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my halydom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir *Protheus*?
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.
Jul. Not ſo: but it hath been the longeſt night

That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in. —
Madam!

Enter SILVIA, *above.*

SIL. Who calls?

EGL. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's commands.

SIL. Sir *Eglamour!* a thouſand times good morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come; to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

SIL. O *Eglamour,* thou art a gentleman
(Think not, I flatter; for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant, and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio,* whom my very ſoul abhors:
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love dy'd,
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity:
Sir *Eglamour,* I would to *Valentine,*
To *Mantua,* where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,

Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven, and fortune, ſtill rewards with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming on.
Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?
Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip.
Good morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind ſir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.* Silvia'*s Anti-chamber.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog.*

Lau. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him — even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a present to miſtreſs *Silvia*, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the mark!) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke: I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs, *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he; *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of:* he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: How many maſters would do this for his ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtoln, otherwise he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwise he had ſuffer'd for't: — thou think'ſt not of this now: Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of madam *Julia*; Did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS, *and* JULIA.

PRO. *Sebaſtian* is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice presently.

JUL. In what you please; I'll do, ſir, what I can.

PRO. I hope, thou wilt. — How now, you whorſon peasant?
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAU. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

PRO. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

LAU. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a present.

PRO. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

LAU. No, indeed, did ſhe not; here † have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

LAU. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoln from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here? —
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame. —
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon' fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this † ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia:*
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas.

Pro. Well, Give her that ring, and give her therewithal
This † letter; that's her chamber: Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture:
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.
[*Exit* PROTHEUS.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus!* thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;

Because I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf:
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter SILVIA.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam *Silvia.*
SIL. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
JUL. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
SIL. From whom?
JUL. My maſter; from ſir *Protheus*, madam.
SIL. O, he ſends you for a picture; does he not?
JUL. Ay, madam.
SIL. *Urſula*, bring my picture there.—[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this ‡: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
JUL. Madam, wilt please you to peruse this letter?—
Pardon me, madam; I have, unadvis'd,
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This ‡ is the letter to your ladyſhip.
SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

[20] From my Maſter, Sir

Sil. There, hold. [*giving back the firſt Letter.*
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear † his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this † ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept a hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſque away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for, at pentecoſt,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good;
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus'* perjury, and unjuſt flight:
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, 'would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
SIL. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth:—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!—
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is ‡ my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, because thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* SILVIA.
JUL. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful: [her.—
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival: O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſſ'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour,
That *Silvia*, at friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me:
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes: — Lady, a happy evening!
SIL. Amen, amen! go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
But yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg's too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpur'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. "'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
"For I had rather wink, than look on them."
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?"
Jul. "But better, indeed, when you do hold your peace."
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. O, ſir, ſhe makes
No doubt of that.
Jul. "She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice."
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. "True; from a gentleman, to a fool."
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. "That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them."
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duk. How now, ſir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw ſir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duk. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duk. Why, then ſhe's fled unto the peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well; and gueſs'd, that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick's* cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,

Than hate for *Silvia* that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Shouts. Enter Out-laws, *with* SILVIA.

1. *O.* Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.
SIL. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2. *O.* Come, Bring her away.
1. *O.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3. *O.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moses*, and *Valerius*, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape. [*Exeunt.*
1. *O.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſly.
SIL. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopl'd towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* ;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy fórlorn ſwain!
What hallowing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*; who's this comes here?

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love:
Vouchſafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

VAL. "How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear!"
"Love, lend me patience to forbear a while."

SIL. O miserable, unhappy, that I am!

PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

JUL. "And me, when he approacheth to your preſence."

SIL. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus.*
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arm's end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. *Valentine!* [love;
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith, or
(For ſuch is a friend now) treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus,*
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,

But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: O time ·accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame, and guilt, confounds me. —
Forgive me, *Valentine:* if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am pay'd;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt: —
Who by repentance is not ſatiſfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy! [*faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.
Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam *Silvia*;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis; this ‡ is it.
Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why, this is the ring I gave to *Julia.*
Jul. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This † is the ring you ſent to *Silvia.*
Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my de-part,
I gave this unto *Julia.*
Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me;
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.

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[2] time, moſt acc-

PRO. How! *Julia?*

JUL. Behold † her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
O *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh;
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

PRO. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s, with a conſtant eye?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

JUL. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

PRO. And I mine. [*embracing.*

Shouts; and Enter Outlaws, *with* Duke, *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke: —
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine.*

Duk. Sir *Valentine!*

THU. Yonder is *Silvia*; and *Silvia*'s mine.

VAL. *Thurio*, give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:

14 all th' ſins

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee: Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breath upon my love.
  THU. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
  Duk. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again;
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe, — Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy † *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
  VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.
  Duk. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
  VAL. These baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
  Duk. Thou haſt prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.

[2] *Verona* ſhall not hold

Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duk. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.
VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duk. What mean you by that ſaying?
VAL. 'Please you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, *Protheus*; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.
[*Exeunt.*

The

MERRY WIVES

of

WINDSOR.

Perſons repreſented.

Sir John Falſtaff:
Nym,
Piſtol, } *his Followers:*
Bardolph,
Robin, *his Page:*
Hoſt of the garter Inn.
Ford,
Page, } *Gentlemen of* Windſor:
William, *Son to* Page:
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*
Shallow, *a country Juſtice:*
Slender, *his Couſin, a fooliſh 'Squire,* } *Suitors*
Fenton, *a young Gentleman,* } *to* Page's
Doctor Caius, *a* French *Phyſician,* } *Daughter.*
Rugby, *Servant to D.* Caius:
Simple, *Servant to* Slender:
John,
Robert, } *Servants in* Ford's *Family.*

Miſtreſs Ford.
Miſtreſs Page:
Miſtreſs Anne, *her Daughter, in Love with* Fenton.
Miſtreſs Quickly, *Houſe-keeper to D.* Caius.

Scene, Windſor; *and Parts adjacent.*

The
MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER,
and Sir Hugh EVANS.

SHAL. Sir *Hugh,* perſuade me not; I will make a ſtar-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty ſir *John Falſtaffs,* he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow,* eſquire,—

SLEN. In the county of *Gloſter,* juſtice of peace and *coram.*

SHAL. Ay, couſin *Slender,* and *cuſtalorum.*

SLEN. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf, *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

SHAL. Ay, that I do; and have done, any time theſe three hundred years.

SLEN. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

Sir H. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat

---

12 hath don't

well; it agrees well paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies — love.

SHAL. The luce [*to* Slen. *ſhowing him his Seal-ring.*] is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

SLEN. I may quarter, coz'.

SHAL. You may, by marrying.

Sir H. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL. Not a whit.

Sir H. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremiſes between you.

SHAL. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Sir H. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viſaments in that.

SHAL. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Sir H. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

SLEN. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Sir H. It is that fery perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandſire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!)

give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham*, and miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

SHAL. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Sir H. Ay, and his father is make her a petter penny.

SHAL. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Sir H. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

SHAL. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter *Page:* Is *Falſtaff* there?

Sir H. Shall I tell you a lye? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true: The knight ſir *John* is there; and I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the door for maſter *Page*.—What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Who's there?

Sir H. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice *Shallow:* and here is young maſter *Slender*; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my venison, maſter *Shallow*.

SHAL. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good miſtreſs *Page?*—and I thank you always with my heart, la;

[5] v. *Note.*

with my heart.

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHAL. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender.*

SLEN. How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſall.*

PAGE. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

SLEN. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

SHAL. That he will not; —'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'Tis a good dog.

PAGE. A cur, ſir.

SHAL. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair. Is ſir *John Falſtaff* here?

PAGE. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Sir H. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

SHAL. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

PAGE. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

SHAL. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; Is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; *Robert Shallow* eſquire ſaith, he is wronged.

PAGE. Here comes ſir *John.*

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH.

FALS. Now, maſter *Shallow*; you'll complain of me to the king?

SHAL. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

FALS. But not kiſſ'd your keeper's daughter?

SHAL. Tut a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

FALS. I will anſwer it ſtraight; — I have done all this: — That is now anſwer'd.

SHAL. The council ſhall know this.

FALS. 'Twere better for you if it were known in council? you'll be laugh'd at.

Sir H. *Pauca verba*, ſir *John*; good worts.

FALS. Good worts! good cabbage: — *Slender*, I broke your head; What matter have you againſt me?

SLEN. Marry, ſir, I have matter in my head againſt you; and againſt your coney-catching raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Piſtol*.

BARD. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

PIST. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I ſay! *pauca*, *pauca*; ſlice! that's my humour.

SLEN. Where's *Simple* my man? — can you tell, couſin?

Sir H. Peace, I pray you! Now let us underſtand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand: that is — maſter *Page*, *fidelicet*, maſter *Page*; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the garter.

PAGE. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Sir H. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

FALS. *Piſtol*, —

PIST. He hears with ears.

Sir H. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

FALS. *Piſtol*, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

SLEN. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two-pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

FALS. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Sir H. No, it is falſe, if it is a pickpurſe.

PIST. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! —
Sir *John* and maſter mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe: —
Word of denial in thy *labras* here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

SLEN. By these gloves, then 'twas † he.

NYM. Be avis'd, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, marry trap, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

SLEN. By this hat, then † he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

FALS. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

BARD. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences;

Sir H. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

BARD. And being ſap, ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the careeres.

SLEN. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Sir H. So Got'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALS. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with Wine*; *Miſt.* Ford, *and Miſt.* Page, *following her.*

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

SLEN. O heaven! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

PAGE. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

FALS. Miſtreſs *Ford,* by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*kiſſing her.*

PAGE. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt All, but* SHAL. SLEN. *and Sir* H. EVANS.

SLEN. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, *Simple*; where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

SIMP. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake,* upon *Alhallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas?*

SHAL. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by ſir *Hugh* here;—Do you underſtand me?

SLEN. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

SHAL. Nay, but underſtand me.

SLEN. So I do, ſir.

Sir H. Give ear to his motions, maſter *Slender*: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

SLEN. Nay, I will do as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Sir H. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

SHAL. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Sir H. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

SLEN. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reaſonable demands.

Sir H. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; — for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth; — Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHAL. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

SLEN. I hope, ſir, — I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Sir H. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

SHAL. That you muſt; Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

SLEN. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

SHAL. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

SLEN. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolv'd, and diſſolutely.

Sir H. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave the faul' is in the 'ort, diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely; — his meaning is good.

SHAL. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

SLEN. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne PAGE.

SHAL. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne:* — 'Would I were young, for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne!*

ANNE. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhips' company.

SHAL. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne.*

Sir H. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW, *and Sir* Hugh EVANS.

ANNE. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, ſir?

SLEN. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE. The dinner attends you, ſir.

SLEN. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth: — Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin *Shallow*; [*Exit* SIMPLE.] a juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend for a man: — I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in *England:*—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſſ'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle maſter *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, ſir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chooſe, ſir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, ſir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, ſir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE. I pray you, ſir.

SLEN. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome: You do yourſelf wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Sir Hugh EVANS, *and* SIMPLE.

Sir H. Go your ways, and aſk of doctor *Caius'* houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

SIMP. Well, ſir.

Sir H. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this ‡ letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is, to desire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's desires to miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Hoſt, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, *and* Robin.

FALS. Mine hoſt of the garter,—

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rook? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wisely.

FALS. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*; caſhier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FALS. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an emperor, *Cesar*, *Keisar*, and *Pheasar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap:

Said I well, bully *Hector?*

Fals. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke; let him follow:—Let me ſee thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.
[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fals. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.
[*Exit* Bardolph.

Pist. O baſe *Gongarian* wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited?

Fals. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fals. Well, ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kybes enſue.

Fals. There is no remedy; I muſt coney-catch, I muſt ſhift.

Pist. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fals. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fals. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fals. No quips now, *Piſtol*; Indeed, I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife; I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am ſir* John Falſtaff's.

Pist. He hath ſtudy'd her will, and tranſlated her will; out of honeſty into *Engliſh*.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour paſs?

Fals. Now, the report goes, ſhe hath all the rule of her husband's purſe; ſhe hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fals. I have writ me here † a letter to her: and here another † to *Page*'s wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious *oeillades:* ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the ſun on dunghill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fals. O, ſhe did ſo courſe-o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs! Here's † another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too: ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be 'cheator to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou † this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou † this to miſtreſs *Ford:* we will

20 il'iads 29 Cheators

thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I ſir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fals. Hold, ſirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you ‡ these letters tightly;
Sail, like my pinnace, to the golden ſhores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like hailſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues, myſelf and ſkirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falstaff, *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and *Fullam* holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Pist. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Pist. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold,
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true

[10] plod away o'th' hooſe [32] of mine

humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Doctor* Caius' *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. What; *John Rugby!* — I pray thee, go to the caſement; and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter doctor *Caius*, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's *Engliſh.*

Rugb. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go; and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, i'faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. — An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way: but no body but has his fault;—but let that paſs. *Peter Simple*, you ſay, your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Simp. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forſooth: he hath but a little whey-face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſp'rited man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? — oh, I ſhould remember him;

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26 wee-face

Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and ſtrut in his gait?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl; and I wiſh —

Re-enter Rugby, *haſtily.*

Rugb. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent: — Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*Shuts him in.*] he will not ſtay long. — What, *John Rugby*; *John!* what, *John* I ſay! — Go, *John*, go, enquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: — *and down, down, adown-a*, &c. [*ſinging.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

D. Cai. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; — Do intend vat I ſpeak? — a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. "I am glad" "he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young" "man, he would have been horn-mad."

D. Cai. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai a la cour, — la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, ſir?

D. Cai. *Oui; mette le au mon pocket; depeche*, quickly: — Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*; *John!*

Rugb. Here, ſir.

D. Cai. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

17 unboyteene

Rugb. 'Tis ready, ſir, here in the porch.

D. Cai. By my trot, I tarry too long : — Od's me! *qu' ay je oublié ?* dere is ſome ſimples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

D. Cai. O *diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany, *larron!*—[*pulling* Simple *out.*] *Rugby*, my rapier.

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

D. Cai. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

D. Cai. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my closet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my closet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh:*

D. Cai. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forſooth; to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

D. Cai. Peace-a your tongue;—Speak-a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

D. Cai. Sir *Hugh* ſend a you? — *Rugby, baillez* me ſome paper:—Tarry you a little-a while.

[*sitting down to write.*

Quic. I am glad, he is ſo quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding, man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the

26 ballow mee

no is, the *French* doctor my maſter, — I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you aviſ'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late; — but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page:* but notwithſtanding that, — I know *Anne*'s mind, — that's neither here nor there.

D. Cai. You, jack'nape; give-a dis ╪ letter to ſir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jackanape prieſt to meddle or make: — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

D. Cai. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me, dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for myſelf? — by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of de *jarteer* to meaſure our weapon: — by gar, I vill myſelf have *Anne Page.*

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; What, the good year!

D. Cai. *Rugby,* come to de court vit me: — By gar, if I have not *Anne Page,* I ſhall turn your head out of door: — Follow my heels, *Rugby.*

[*Exeunt* Caius, *and* Rugby.

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[28] good-jer

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fool's head of your own :— No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that : never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. 'Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you; Have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; What of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; — good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; — but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread: We had an hour's talk of that wart; I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company: but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing: But, for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's † money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſee'ſt her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

FENT. Well, farewel; I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

QUIC. Farewel to your worſhip. — Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *with a Letter.*

M. PA. What, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: [*reads.*

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, *(at the leaſt, if the love of ſoldier can ſuffice) that I love thee: I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this? — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What one unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What ſhould I ſay to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

M. Fo. Miſtreſs *Page!* truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

M. PA. And, truſt me, I was going to you. You look very ill.

M. Fo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

M. PA. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

M. Fo. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel!

M. PA. What's the matter, woman?

M. Fo. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

M. PA. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—diſpence with trifles;—what is it?

M. Fo. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

M. PA. What, — thou ly'ſt? — ſir *Alice Ford!* These knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhould'ſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

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[2] What an un-

M. Fo. We burn daylight: here, † read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green ſleeves.* What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, a-ſhore at *Windſor?* How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

M. Pa. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's † the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of these letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure, more) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantеſs, and lye under mount *Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, e'er one chaſt man.

M. Fo. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; What doth he think of us?

M. Pa. Nay, I know not:—It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty: I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for,

4 praiſe 9 hundred Pſalmes

ſure, unleſs he know ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

M. Fo. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

M. Pa. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine hoſt of the garter.

M. Fo. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty. O, that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

M. Pa. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

M. Fo. You are the happier woman.

M. Pa. Let's conſult together againſt this greasy knight: Come hither. [*they converſe apart.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in ſome affairs:
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, ſir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and [poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent; or go thou
Like ſir *Actæon*, he, with *Ringwood* at thy heels:

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, ſir?

Pist. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo birds do ſing.—
Away, ſir corporal *Nym*.—
Believe it, *Page*; he ſpeaks ſenſe.

Ford. "I will be patient; I will find out this."

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your wife. Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exeunt* Pistol, *and* Nym.

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. "I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*."

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. "If I do find it,—Well."

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, though the prieſt o'the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. "'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:—Well."

Page. How now, *Meg*?

M. Pa. Whither go you, *George*? Hark you.

M. Fo. How now, ſweet *Frank*? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

M. Fo. 'Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head.—

Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

M. Pa. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, *George?*—"Look who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our" "meſſenger to this paltry knight."

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

M. Fo. "Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it."

M. Pa. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

M. Pa. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt* Women.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that —Does he lye at the garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatiſfy'd.

PAGE. Look where my ranting hoſt of the garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Hoſt, *and* SHALLOW.

Hoſt. How now, bully rook? thou'rt a gentleman:—Cavalero juſtice, I ſay!

SHAL. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page!* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavalero juſtice; tell him, bully rook.

SHAL. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between ſir *Hugh* the *Welch* prieſt and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

FORD. Good mine hoſt o' the garter, a word with you. [*drawing him aſide.*

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, my bully rook?

SHAL. Will you [*to* Page.] go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be. [*they converſe apart.*

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt cavalier?

FORD. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack, to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Brook*: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

SHAL. Have with you, mine hoſt.

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PAGE. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good ſkill in his rapier.

SHAL. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*, 'tis † here, 'tis here: I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you: — I had rather hear them ſcold, than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, PAGE, *and* SHAL.

FORD. Though *Page* be a ſecure fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff:* If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwise, 'tis labour well beſtowed. [*Exit*.

SCENE II. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* PISTOL.

FALS. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oiſter, which I
with ſword will open.

FALS. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow *Nym*; or elſe you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs

Bridget loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

PIST. Didſt not thou ſhare ? hadſt thou not fifteen pence ?

FALS. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon ; Think'ſt thou I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis ?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you : go, a ſhort knife and a throng ; to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*, go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue ! you ſtand upon your honour ! Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe : I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch ; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags, your cat-o'-mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour ! you will not do it, you !

PIST. I do relent ; What would'ſt thou more of man ?

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

FALS. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

QUIC. Give your worſhip good morrow.

FALS. Good morrow, good wife.

QUIC. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

FALS. Good maid, then.

QUIC. I'll be ſworn ; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

FALS. I do believe the ſwearer : What with me ?

QUIC. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two ?

FALS. Two thouſand, fair woman ; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor *Caius*.

Fals. Well, on: Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay;—

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fals. I warrant thee, no body hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fals. Well, miſtreſs *Ford*; What of her?

Quic. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature;—Lord, Lord! your worſhip's a wanton:—Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*; come, miſtreſs *Ford*;—

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary: Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk) and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her:—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fals. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fals. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of; maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home: — Alas, the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fals. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other: — and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fals. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fals. But, I pray thee, tell me this; Has *Ford*'s wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed! — they have not ſo little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvelous infection to the little page: And, truly, maſter *Page* is an honeſt man: never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, rise when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fals. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fals. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my † purſe; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news diſtracts me.

[*Exeunt* Quickly, *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers: —
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Pistol.

Fals. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee: Let them ſay, 'tis groſly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

FALS. *Brook* is his name?

BARD. Ay, ſir.

FALS. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'er-flow ſuch liquor. Ah, ha, miſtreſs *Ford*, and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* FORD *diſguis'd.*

FORD. Bleſs you, ſir.

FALS. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

FALS. You're welcome; What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook*.

FALS. Good maſter *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD. Good ſir *John*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lye open.

FALS. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money † here

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troubles me : if you will help to bear it, ſir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fals. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fals. Speak, good maſter *Brook*; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are ſchollar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good ſir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own ; that I may paſs with a reproof the easier, ſith you yourſelf know, how easy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fals. Very well, ſir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fals. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her ; follow'd her with a doating obſervance ; engroſſ'd opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every ſlight occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her ; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given : briefly, I have purſu'd her, as love hath purſu'd me ; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions : But, whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this,

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fals. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatiſfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fals. Have you impórtun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fals. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fals. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe; You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentic in your place and perſon, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fals. O, ſir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:— There † is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife: uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fals. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt: Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattl'd againſt me: What ſay you to't, ſir *John?*

Fals. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your money; [*pocketing it.*] next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O, good ſir!

Fals. I ſay, you ſhall,

Ford. Want no money, ſir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fals. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth: Come you to me at night; you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know *Ford*, ſir?

Fals. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: — yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for the which, his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd: I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fals. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoon at night:—*Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile; thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villanous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—*Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but, cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſy! Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it; better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

D. Cai. *Jack Rugby*,—

Rugb. Sir.

D. Cai. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rugb. 'Tis paſt the hour, ſir, that ſir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

D. Cai. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rugb. He is wiſe, ſir; he knew your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

D. Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him: Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rugb. Alas, ſir, I cannot fence.

D. Cai. Villany, take your rapier.

Rugb. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, SHALLOW, PAGE, *and* SLENDER.

Hoſt. Bleſs thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, maſter doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good maſter doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, ſir.

D. Cai. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foign, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee here, to ſee thee there; to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* is he dead, my *Franciſco?* ha, bully? What ſays my *Eſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully ſtale? is he dead?

D. Cai. By gar, he is de coward jack prieſt of de varld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtillian*, king urinal; *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

D. Cai. I pray you, bear vitneſs dat me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: — Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, maſter *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter *Page*. — Maſter doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhow'd yourſelf a wise phyſician, and ſir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wise and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt juſtice: — A word, mounſieur mock-water.

10 caſtallian

D. Cai. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

D. Cai. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*:—Scurvy, jack-dog, prieſt! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

D. Cai. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

D. Cai. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

D. Cai. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully,—"but firſt, maſter" "gueſt, and maſter *Page*, and eke cavalero *Slender*, go" "you through the town to *Frogmore*."

Page. "Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?"

Hoſt. "He is there: ſee what humour he is in;" "and I will bring the doctor about by the fields:" "Will it do well?"

Shal. "We will do it."—Adieu, good maſter doctor.

Page. Slen. Adieu, good maſter doctor.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

D. Cai. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jackanape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him dye: Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her, try'd game, Said I well?

D. Cai. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure-a you de good gueſt, de earl,

30 wooe her, Cride-game,

de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*; Said I well?

D. Cai. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

D. Cai. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fields near* Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and* Simple.

Sir H. I pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſerving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you looked for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf doctor of physic?

Simp. Marry, ſir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Sir H. I moſt fehemently desire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, ſir.

Sir H. Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me:—how melancholies I am?—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good oportunities for the 'ork:—Pleſs my ſoul!

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls [*ſinging.*
melodious birds ſing madrigals;
there will we make our beds of roses,
and a thouſand fragrant posies.
To ſhallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great diſpositions to cry.

17 pittie-ward

melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
When as I ſat in Pabylon,—
and a thouſand vagram poſies.
To ſhallow—

SIMP. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir *Hugh.*

Sir H. He's welcome:—
To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls—
Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?

SIMP. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Sir H. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

SHAL. How now, maſter parſon! Good morrow, good ſir *Hugh:* Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLEN. Ah, ſweet *Anne Page!*

PAGE. Save you, good ſir *Hugh!*

Sir H. Pleſs you from his mercy' ſake, all of you!

SHAL. What, the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

PAGE. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rhéumatic day!

Sir H. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon,

Sir H. Fery well; What is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity, and patience, that ever you ſaw.

SHAL. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Sir H. What is he?

PAGE. I think, you know him; maſter doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Sir H. Got's will, and his paſſion o'my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porridge.

PAGE. Why?

Sir H. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates*, and *Galen*,—and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE. I warrant you, [*to* Shal.] he's the man ſhould fight with him.

SLEN. O ſweet *Anne Page!*

Enter Hoſt, CAIUS, *and* Rugby.

SHAL. It appears ſo by his weapons:—Keep them aſunder; here comes doctor *Caius*.

PAGE. Nay, good maſter parſon, keep in your weapon.

SHAL. So do you, good maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

D. CAI. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a vord vit your ear; Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Sir H. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

D. CAI. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Sir H. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

D. CAI *Diable!*—*Jack Rugby,*—mine hoſt *de jarteer*,

—have I not ſtay for him to kill him, have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Sir H. As I am a chriſtians' ſoul now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine hoſt of the garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul, French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

D. CAI. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the garter. Am I politic? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel*? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the pro-verbs, and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtrial: ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial: ſo:—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue.—Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

SHAL. Truſt me, a mad hoſt:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. O ſweet *Anne Page!* [*Exeunt* Hoſt, PAGE, *&c.*

D. CAI. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us? ha, ha!

Sir H. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog:—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcal', ſcurvy, cogging companion, the hoſt of the garter.

D. CAI. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Sir H. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *and* ROBIN.

M. PA. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

ROB. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

M. PA. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*: Whither go you?

M. PA. Truly, ſir, to ſee your wife; Is ſhe at home?

FORD. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. PA. Beſure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. PA. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of:—What do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

ROB. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

FORD. Sir *John Falſtaff!*

M. PA. He, he; I can never hit on's name! There is ſuch a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

FORD. Indeed, ſhe is.

M. PA. By your leave, ſir; I am ſick 'till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Miſtreſs* PAGE, *and* ROBIN.

FORD. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them: why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelveſcore. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her;—A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind!—and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. Good plots! they are lay'd; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Sir* Hugh,
CAIUS, Hoſt, *and* Rugby.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, maſter *Ford*.

FORD. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

SHAL. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter *Ford*.

SLEN. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

SHAL. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

SLEN. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page?*

PAGE. You have, maſter *Slender*; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

D. Cai. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a, *Quickly*, tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young maſter *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holiday, he ſmells *April* and *May:* he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince, and *Pointz*; he is of too high a region, he knows too much: No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter.—Maſter doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter *Page*;—and you, ſir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter *Page*'s.

[*Exeunt* Shallow, *and* Slender.

D. Cai. Go home, *John Rugby*; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight, *Falſtaff*; and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Ford. "I think, I ſhall drink in pipe wine firſt" "with him; I'll make him dance." Will you go, gentles?

all. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs FORD, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

M. Fo. What, *John!* what, *Robert!*

M. Pa. Quickly, quickly;—Is the buck-baſket—

M. Fo. I warrant:—What, *Robin*, I ſay!

Enter Servants, with a Baſket.

M. Pa. Come, come, come.

M. Fo. Here, ſet it down.

M. Pa. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

M. Fo. Marry, as I told you before, *John*, and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe; and, when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet* mead; and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the *Thames*' ſide.

M. Pa. You will do it?

M. Fo. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction:—Begone; and come when you are call'd.

M. Pa. Here comes little *Robin*. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter ROBIN.

M. Fo. How now, my eyas-muſket? what news with you?

Rob. My maſter ſir *John* is come in at your back door, miſtreſs *Ford*; and requeſts your company.

M. Pa. You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here: and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

M. Pa. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a taylor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe.—I'll go hide me.

M. Fo. Do ſo:—Go, tell thy maſter, I am alone. [*Exit* ROB.] Miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue.

M. Pa. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me.
[*Exit Miſtreſs* PAGE.

M. Fo. Go too then;—We'll uſe this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALS. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

M. Fo. O ſweet ſir *John!*

FALS. Miſtreſs *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford*. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would, thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

M. Fo. I your lady, ſir *John*! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

FALS. Let the court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another. I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched beauty of the brow; that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of *Venetian* admittance.

M. Fo. A plain kerchief, ſir *John*: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

FALS. Thou art a traitor to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait. in a ſemi-circl'd farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come thou canſt not hide it.

M. Fo. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fals. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-bury* in ſimple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerv'ſt it.

M. Fo. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs *Page.*

Fals. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the counter gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln.

M. Fo. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fals. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

M. Fo. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Re-enter Robin.

Rob. Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford!* here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fals. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras. [*ſtepping behind it.*

M. Fo. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling woman.—

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

M. Pa. O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

M. Fo. What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page?*

M. Pa. O, wel-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford!* having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

M. Fo. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

M. Pa. What cauſe of ſuſpicion? Out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

M. Fo. Why, alas, what's the matter?

M. Pa. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: you are undone.

M. Fo. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M. Pa. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your husband's coming, with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before, to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

M. Fo. What ſhall I do? – There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

M. Pa. For ſhame! never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him: —O, how have you deceiv'd me! —Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet* mead.

M. Fo. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Fals. [*ſtarting from his Concealment.*] Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, o, let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel ; I'll in.

M. Pa. What; ſir *John Falſtaff!*—Are these your letters, knight?

Fals. I love thee; help me away: Let me creep in here: I'll never— [*goes into the Baſket, Women cover him.*

M. Pa. Help to cover your maſter, boy:—Call your men, miſtreſs *Ford:*—You diſſembling knight!

M. Fo. What, *John, Robert, John!*—[*Re-enter* Servants.]Go, take up these cloaths here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet* mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and*
Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cause, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

M. Fo. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck: and of the ſeason too; it ſhall appear.—Gentlemen, [*Exeunt* Servants, *with the Baſket.*] I have dream'd to-night: I'll tell you my dream:—Here, here, † here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out; I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt:—[*locking the Door*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page.*—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit* Ford.

Sir H. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

D. Cai. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of *France:* it is not jealous in *France.*

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt Sir* Hugh, Page *and* Caius.

M. Pa. Is there not a double excellency in this?

M. Fo. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceived, or ſir *John.*

M. Pa. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket?

M. Fo. I am half afraid, he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

M. Pa. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

M. Fo. I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff's* being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy 'till now.

M. Pa. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*; his diſſolute disease will ſcarce obey this medicine.

M. Fo. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

M. Pa. We will do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compaſs.

M. Pa. "Heard you that?" [*to M.* Ford.

M. Fo. You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*? do you?

Ford. Ay, I do ſo.

M. Fo. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

M Pa. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, maſter *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Sir H. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heaven forgive my ſins at the day of judgment!

D. Cai. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, maſter *Ford!* are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil, ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not have your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor* caſtle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, maſter *Page*; I ſuffer for it.

Sir H. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a'omans as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

D. Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt 'oman.

Ford. Well; I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, miſtreſs *Page*;—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh: Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Sir H. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the compa- [ny.

D. Cai. If dere be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, maſter *Page.*

Sir H. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave mine hoſt.

D. Cai. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Sir H. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter FENTON, *and Miſtreſs* Anne PAGE.

FENT. I ſee, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

ANNE. Alas, how then?

FENT. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my 'ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth:
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

ANNE. May be, he tells you true.

FENT. No, Heaven ſo ſpeed me in the time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

ANNE. Gentle maſter *Fenton,*
Yet ſeek my father's love; ſtill ſeek it, ſir:
If opportunity, and humbleſt ſuit,
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*they converſe apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and*
Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinsman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf. [venturing.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 's-lid, 'tis but

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quic. Hark ye; maſter *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you. [choice:"

Anne. I come to him.—" This is my father's
" O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults"
" Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!"

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* Pray you, a word with you. [*drawing him aſide.*

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, miſtreſs *Anne*; — my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in *Gloceſterſhire.*

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'ſquire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. [ſelf.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for him-

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

13 Lookes

Anne. Now, maſter *Slender.*

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, hath made motions: if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole: They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender*;—Love him, daughter *Anne*:—
Why, how now! what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, ſir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, ſir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

M. Pa. Good maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter *Fenton.*—
Come, maſter *Shallow*;—come, ſon *Slender*;—in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton.*

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page.*

Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

M. Pa. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

M. Pa. Come, trouble not yourſelf:—Good maſter *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected;
'Till then, farewel, ſir: She muſt needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewel, my gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan.*
[*Exeunt Miſtreſs* Page, *and* Anne.

Quic. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on maſter *Fenton*:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and, I pray thee, once to-night
Give my ſweet *Nan* this † ring: There's † for thy pains.
[*Exit* Fenton.

Quic. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune!—A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*; or I would maſter *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter *Fenton* had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but 'ſpeciouſly for maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to ſir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FALS. *Bardolph*, I ſay,—

BARD. Here, ſir.

FALS. Go, fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the *Thames*? Well; if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'the litter: and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; And what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the Wine.*

BARD. Here's miſtreſs *Quickly*, ſir, to ſpeak with you.

FALS. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames'* water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins.—Call her in.

BARD. Come in, woman.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

QUIC. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worſhip good morrow.

FALS. Take away these challices: Go, brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

BARD. With eggs, ſir?

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[13] blinde bitches

Fals. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bard.] How now?

Quic. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford!* I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fals. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fals. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fals. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fals. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, ſir! [*Exit.*

Fals. I marvel, I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word, to ſtay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fals. Now, maſter *Brook?* you come to know what hath paſt between me and *Ford*'s wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir *John*, is my buſineſs.

FALS. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

FORD. And ſped you, ſir?

FALS. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

FORD. How ſo, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

FALS. No, maſter *Brook*: but the peaking cornuto her husband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſſ'd, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

FORD. What, while you were there?

FALS. While I was there.

FORD. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

FALS. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*; gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach; and, in her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

FORD. A buck-baſket!

FALS. Yes, a buck-baſket: ram'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, greasy napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

FORD. And how long lay you there?

FALS. Nay, you ſhall hear maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cram'd in the baſket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet* lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door; who aſked them once or twice, what they had in their baſket: I quak'd for fear leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook:* I ſuffer'd the pangs of three ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſſ'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtop'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe; think of that, — a man of my kidney — think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that, — hiſſing hot — think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit then is deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fals. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fals. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter *Brook*; maſter *Brook*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter *Ford*, awake; awake, maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter *Ford*. This 'tis to be marry'd! this 'tis to have linnen, and buck-baſkets! Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the letcher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *Miſtreſs* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

M. PA. Is he at miſtreſs *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

QUIC. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

M. PA. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee: —

Enter Sir Hugh EVANS.

How now, ſir *Hugh?* no ſchool to-day?

Sir H. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

M. PA. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Sir H. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head; come.

M. PA. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Sir H. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILL. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they ſay, od's-nouns.

Sir H. Peace your tattlings. — What is, fair, *William?*

WILL. *Pulcher.*

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Sir H. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. — What is, *lapis*, *William?*

WILL. A ſtone.

Sir H. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

WILL. A pebble,

Sir H. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

WILL. *Lapis.*

Sir H That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Sir H. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—Pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your accusative caſe?

Will. *Accuſativo, hinc.*

Sir H. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. *Hang-hog* is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Sir H. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. — What is the focative caſe, *William?*

Will. O — *vocativo, o.*

Sir H. Remember, *William*: focative is, *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Sir H. 'Oman, forbear.

M. Pa. Peace.

Sir H. What is your genitive caſe plural, *William?*

Will. Genitive caſe?

Sir H. Ay.

Will. Genitive — *horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. Vengeance of *Jenny*'s caſe! fie on her! — never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Sir H. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: — he teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call, horum; — Fie upon you!

Sir H. 'Oman, art thou lunaticks? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Pa. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Sir H. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of

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your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Sir H. It is, *qui*, *quæ*, *quod:* if you forget your *qui's*, your *quæ's*, and your *quod's*, you muſt be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

M. Pa. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Sir H. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, miſtreſs *Page*.

M. Pa. Adieu, good ſir *Hugh*.—Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and Miſtreſs* FORD.

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Fo. He's a birding, ſweet ſir *John*.

M. Pa. [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

M. Fo. Step into the chamber, ſir *John*.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE.

M. Pa. How now, ſweet heart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

M. Fo. Why, none but mine own people.

M. Pa. Indeed?

M. Fo. No, certainly: "Speak louder."

M. Pa. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here:

M. Fo. Why?

M. Pa. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband; ſo rails againſt all marry'd mankind; ſo curſes all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *Peer out*, *peer out*; that any madneſs, I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

M. Fo. Why, does he talk of him?

M. Pa. Of none but him; and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: But I am glad, the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

M. Fo. How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

M. Pa. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

M. Fo. I am undone!—the knight is here.

M. Pa. Why, then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him; Better ſhame than murther.

M. Fo. Why, which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fals. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket:—May I not go out ere he come?

M. Pa. Alas, three of maſter *Ford's* brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwiſe, you might ſlip away ere he came: But what make you here?

Fals. What ſhall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

[1] lines

M. Fo. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fals. Where is it?

M. Fo. He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fals. I'll go out then.

M. Fo. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you dye, ſir *John*; unleſs you go out diſguis'd,—How might we diſguiſe him?

M. Pa. Alas the day, I know not: there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fals. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

M. Fo. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brentford*, has a gown above.

M. Pa. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too;—Run up, ſir *John*.

M. Fo. Go, go, ſweet ſir *John*: miſtreſs *Page*, and I, will look ſome linnen for your head.

M. Pa. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falstaff.

M. Fo. I would, my husband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brentford*; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbad her my houſe, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

M. Pa. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

M. Fo. But is my husband coming?

M. Pa. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

M. Fo. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

M. Pa. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brentford.*

M. Fo. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket:—Go up; I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

M. Pa. Hang him diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, Still ſwine eats all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Miſtreſs Ford, *with her two Men.*

M. Fo. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. [*Exit.*

1. *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Ser.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again!

1. *Ser.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow,
and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a baſket!—O, you panderly raſcals!—there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me:—Now ſhall the devil be ſham'd:—What, wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

PAGE. Why, this paſſes!—Maſter *Ford*, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Sir H. Why, this is lunaticks! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHAL. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

FORD. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs; do I?

M. Fo. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

FORD. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out:—Come forth, ſirrah. [*pulling out the Cloaths.*

PAGE. This paſſes!

M. Fo. Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

FORD. I ſhall find you anon.

Sir H. 'Tis unreaſonable!—Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

FORD. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

M. Fo. Why, man, why—

FORD. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; Why may not he be there again? In my houſe, I am ſure, he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable;—Pluck me out all the linnen.

M. Fo. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a flea's death.

PAGE. Here's no man.

SHAL. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Sir H. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

FORD. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

PAGE. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

FORD. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman: Satiſfy me once more; once more ſearch with me.

M. Fo. What ho, miſtreſs *Page!* come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD. Old woman! what old woman's that?

M. Fo. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brentford*.

FORD. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!— Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men· we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling· She works by charms, by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch dawbery as this is; beyond our element· we know nothing·—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I ſay.

M. Fo. Nay, good ſweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE; *leading in*
Falſtaff, *diſguis'd.*

M. PA. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

FORD. I'll *Prat* her:—Out of my doors, you witch; [*to* Falſ.] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*beating, and driving him out.*

M. Pa. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman. [you.

M. Fo. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for

Ford. Hang her witch!

Sir H. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, Shal. *and Sir* Hugh.

M. Pa. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

M. Fo. Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

M. Pa. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

M. Fo. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

M. Pa. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

M. Fo. Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerv'd him?

M. Pa. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husband's brains: If they can find in their hearts, the poor, unvirtuous, fat knight

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[1] Runnion

ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will be ſtill the miniſters.

M. Fo. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd: and, methinks, there would be no fit period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

M. Pa. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it; I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the *Germans* deſire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court:—Let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; They ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Ay, ſir; I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: they muſt not come off; I'll ſauce them:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir HUGH, PAGE, FORD, *Miſtreſs* PAGE, *and Miſtreſs* FORD.

Sir H. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page And did he ſend you both these † letters at an inſtant?

M. Pa. Within a quarter of an hour. [wilt;

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou

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11 *Germans* deſires 17 call him to

I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as éxtream in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it. [of.
Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke
Page. How! ſend him word, they'll meet him in
At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come. [the park
Sir H. You ſay, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.
Page. So think I too. [comes,
M. Fo. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither. [ter,
M. Pa. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hun-
Sometime a keeper here in *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great jag'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

[1] with gold [13] v. *Note* [26] rag'd

This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.
PAGE. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s oak:
But what of this?
M. Fo. Marry, this is our device;—
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us,
Diſguis'd like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.
PAGE. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot? [thus:
M. PA. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;
And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
FORD. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their tapers.
M. PA. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſhorn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor*.
FORD. The children muſt

Be practic'd well to this, or they'll ne'er dot'.

Sir H. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jackanapes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them [vizards.

M. Pa. My *Nan* ſhall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy; "and, in that time,"
" Shall maſter *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,"
" And marry her at *Eaton*." Go, ſend to *Falſtaff*
Straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Brook*:
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: Sure, he'll come.

M. Pa. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Sir H. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt* Ford, Page, *and Sir* H.

M. Pa. Go, miſtreſs *Ford*,
Send quickly to ſir *John*, to know his mind.
[*Exit Miſtreſs* Ford.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.

SCENE V. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter Hoſt, *and* Simple.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breath, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

SIMP. Marry, ſir, I come to ſpeak with ſir *John Falſtaff* from maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

SIMP. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be rob'd: I'll call. — Bully knight! bully ſir *John*! ſpeak from thy lungs military; Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian*, calls.

FALS. [*above*] How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALS. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

SIMP. Pray you, ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brentford?*

FALS. Ay, marry, was it, muſſel-ſhell; What would you with her?

SIMP. My maſter, ſir, my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one *Nym*, ſir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

FALS. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

SIMP. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, ſir?

Fals. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fals. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fals. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, ſir?

Fals. To have her, or no: Go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fals. Ay, ſir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, ſir *John*: Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fals. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was pay'd for my learning.

Enter Bardolph, *haſtily.*

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage, meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three *German* divels, three doctor *Fauſtus's*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Sir Hugh EVANS.

Sir H. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, ſir?

Sir H. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couſin germans, that has cozen'd all the hoſts of *Readings*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit*.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

D. CAI. Vere is mine hoſt *de jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter doctor; in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

D. CAI. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit*.

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go:—aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain; I am undone! [*Exeunt* Hoſt, *and* BARDOLPH.

FALS. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my tranſformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at *Primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.—Now!

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fals. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant; 'ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford,* good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fals. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brentford:* but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'the ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content: here is a letter † will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! ſure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fals. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Room.*

Enter Hoſt, *and* FENTON.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.
Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; Aſſiſt me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.
Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.
Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chooser)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her,
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat ſir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene in it: the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhow you † here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To-night at *Herne*'s oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is † here; in which diſguise,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented: Now, ſir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taking off their minds,
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She ſeemingly obedient likewiſe hath

[26] (even ſtrong [29] talking of

Made promiſe to the doctor:—Now, thus it reſts:
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.
Hoſt. Which means ſhe deceive[6] father, or mother?
FENT. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.
FENT. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* QUICKLY.

FALS. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers: Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

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[6] devote

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fals. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit* Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* Maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to-night, or never: Be you in the park, about midnight, at *Herne*'s oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fals. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave *Ford*, her husband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy: I will tell you,—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: for, in the ſhape of man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; because I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook:* Since I pluck'd geeſe, play'd truant, and whip'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'the caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry, mum; ſhe cries, budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; But what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtrook ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! *None means evil, But the devil*;—and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Street, leading to the Park.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, Caius, *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

M. Pa. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and diſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

D. Cai. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

M. Pa. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* Caius.] My husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

M. Fo. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies? and the *Welch* devil, *Hugh?*

M. Pa. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

M. Fo. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

M. Pa. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if

9 No man meanes 26 *Herne?*

he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

M. Fo. We'll betray him finely.

M. Pa. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

M. Fo. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH, Piſtol, Quickly, Anne Page, *and Others, vizarded, and diſguis'd for Fairies.*

Sir H. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *diſguis'd.*

Fals. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtrook twelve; the minute draws on: Now the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda*:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault!—and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl;—think on't, *Jove*; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i'the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs FORD, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

M. Fo. Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer; my male deer?

FALS. My doe, with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-ſleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here. [*embracing her.*

M. Fo. Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

FALS. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! ſpeak I like *Herne* the hunter?—Why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution:—As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. PA. Alas, what noise? [*Noise within.*

M. Fo. Heaven forgive our ſins!

FALS. What ſhould this be?

Wom. Away, away. [*they run off.*

FALS. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter, from the Pit, Sir HUGH, *and his Troop of Fairies, with Lights, running.*

QUIC. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Cryer *Hob-goblin*, make the fairy o-yes.

PIST. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.
FALS. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall dye:
I'll wink, and couch; No man their works muſt eye.
[*lyes down, upon his Face.*
Sir H. Where's *Pede?*—go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:
But thoſe, as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.
Quic. ———About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and 'out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt;
And nightly, meadow fairies, look you ſing,
Like to the garter's compaſs, in a ring:
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe,* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckl'd below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flowers for their charactery.
Away; diſperſe: But 'till 'tis one o'clock,

[9] Raiſe up [23] Emrold tuffes

Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of *Herne* the hunter, let us not forget.
Sir H. Pray you,
Lock hand in hand; yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.—
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fals. Heavens defend me from that *Welch* fairy! leſt he tranſform me to a piece of cheeſe.

Pist. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quic. With trial fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaſt, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Sir H. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*applying their Tapers.*

Fals. O, o, o!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire!—
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rime;
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Song. *Fie on ſinful fantaſy!*
fie on luſt, and luxury!
luſt is but a bloody fire,
kindl'd with unchaſt desire,
fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
as thoughts do blow them, higher and higher:—
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
pinch him for his villany;
pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

During this Song, (in which the Fairies pinch Falſtaff, *burn him with their Tapers, and dance about him)* *Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and carries off a Fairy in green*; Slender *another way, and takes one in white*: *and* Fenton *ſteals away Miſtreſs* Anne. *Noise heard within: Fairies break off their Dance:* Falſtaff *rises: and Enter* FORD, PAGE, *Miſtreſs* FORD *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

M. PA. I pray you, come, hold up the jeſt no higher:— Now, good ſir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?— See you † these, husband? do not these fair oaks Become the foreſt better than the town?

FORD. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter *Brook*: And maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Ford*'s, but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be pay'd too, maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

M. FO. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet: I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FALS. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FALS. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and

---

2' paid to maſter

reason, that they were fairies: See now, how wit may be made a jack-o'lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Sir H. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Sir H. And leave you your jealousies alſo, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*

Fals. Have I lay'd my brain in the ſun, and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheese.

Sir H. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fals. Seeſe and putter! have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh?* tnis is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the realm.

M. Pa. Why, ſir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

M. Pa. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as *Satan*?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his wiſe?

Sir H. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fals. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel, ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to *Windſor*, to one maſter *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be chearful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee; tell her, maſter *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

M. Pa. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor *Caius*' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho, ho, father *Page!*

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd!—I'll make the beſt in *Glo'ſterſhire* know on't; 'would I were hang'd, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i'th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, 'would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

SLEN. What need you tell me that? I think ſo when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

PAGE. Why, this is your own folly; Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

SLEN. I went to her in white, and cry'd, mum, and ſhe cry'd, budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

M. PA. Good *George*, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there marry'd.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

D. CAI. Vere is miſtreſs *Page?*—By gar, I am cozened; I have marry'd *un garçon*, a boy, *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not *Anne Page:* by gar, I am cozened.

M. PA. Why, did you take her in green?

D. CAI. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all *Windſor*. [*Exit* CAIUS.

FORD. This is ſtrange! Who hath got the right *Anne?*

PAGE. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter *Fenton*.

Enter FENTON, *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, maſter *Fenton?*

ANNE. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter *Slender?*

M. PA. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

FENT. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.

[8] v. *Note.* [17] oon Garſon, a boy; oon Peſant,

You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thousand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.
Fals. I am glad, though you ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy?—*Fenton*, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fals. When night dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.
M. Pa. Well, I will muse no further:—Maſter *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir *John* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo, ſir *John:*
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford.* [*Exeunt.*

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